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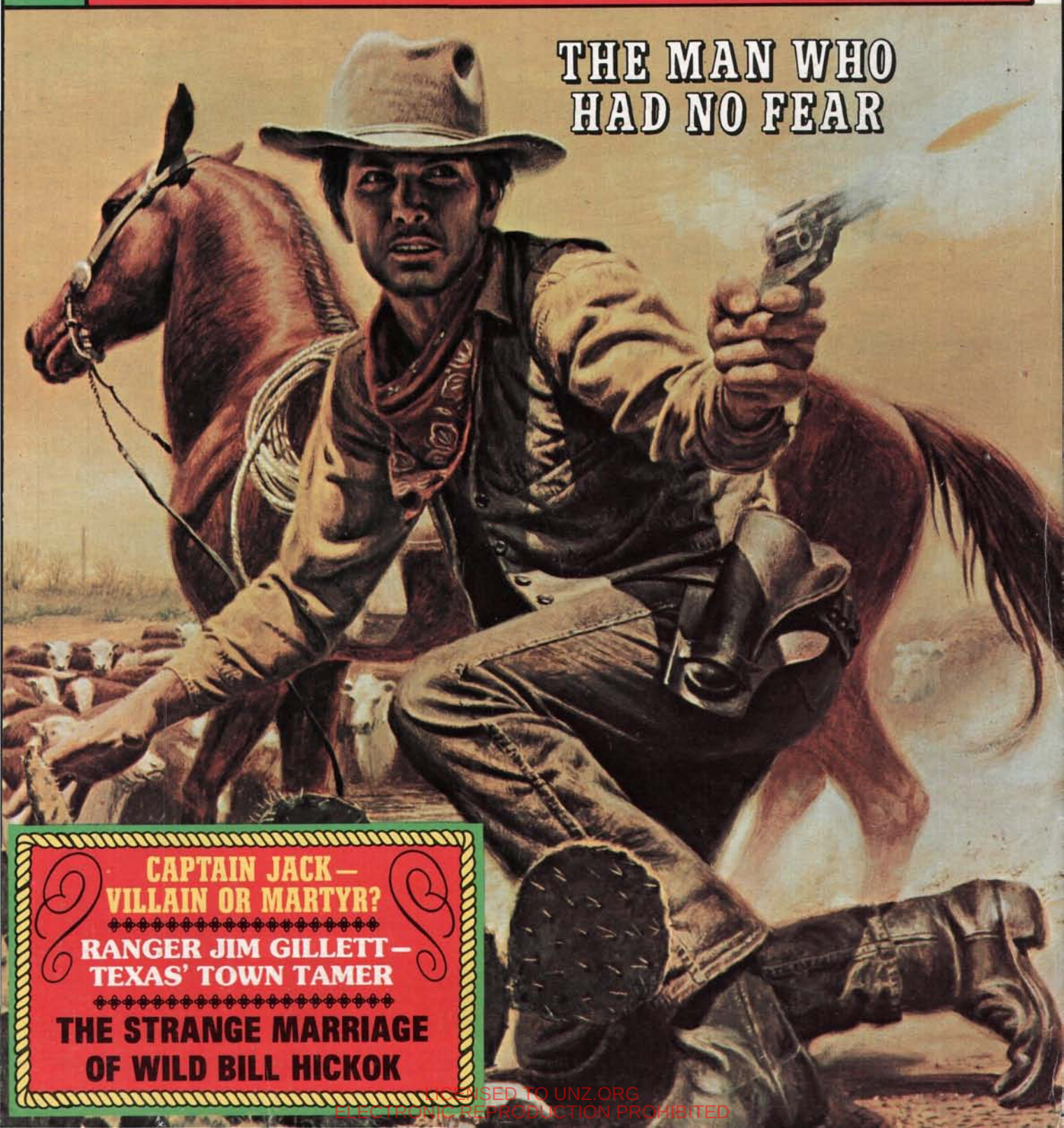

THE MAN WHO HAD NO FEAR

CAPTAIN JACK—VILLAIN OR MARTYR?

RANGER JIM GILLETT—TEXAS' TOWN TAMER

THE STRANGE MARRIAGE OF WILD BILL HICKOK

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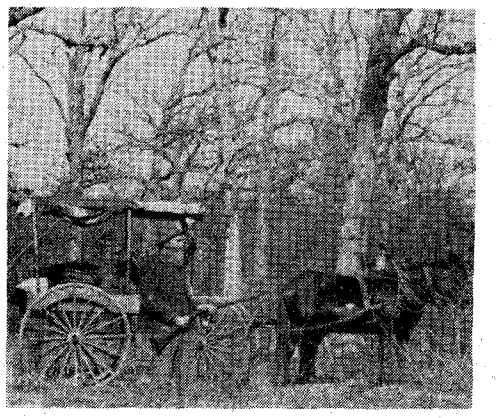

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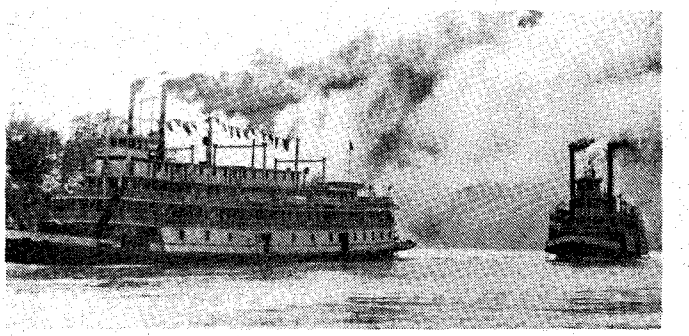

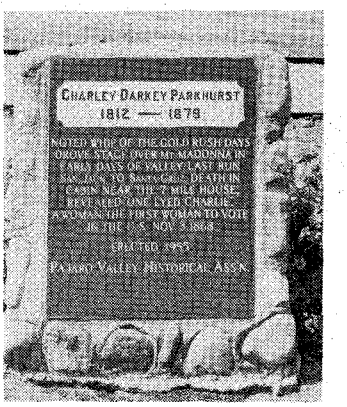

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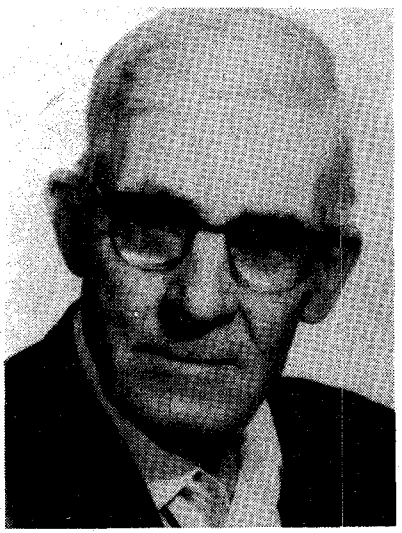
THE OLD TIMERS CORNER



By Bill Salisbury

THE BIGGEST LIAR IN WYOMING

ARKANSAS WAS JUST a typical cowpuncher at the time I first met him. He had come to the Wyoming country with his father, mother, a brother Bill just a year younger and a very quiet boy, and a sister.

His father came to this area as a workman on the Union Pacific Railroad, which was pushing both from the East and West looking forward to the driving of the golden spike connecting the East and West.

After the connection of the road it left many men and their families with an ultimatum—dispose of their horses and wagons and take the train either East or West, or stay and homestead and try to build a future in the area.

Arkansas' father, after talking it over with his family, decided to hew out his fortune as there was lots of free land including state land and railroad land, plus plenty of free government land in the nearby hills which would make for free grazing as the Taylor Grazing Act had not yet been heard of.

They eked out a living at first in the camps. As the boys were too small to work and the father was not too good with an axe, he decided to carry and load ties that the hewers cut in the timber thus taking a homestead nearby. They got by very well till the father took ill and died.

After this the mother told the boys, "We have no place to go so we must try to make it here. And the only way we can make it is hang together."

Under the circumstances, having very little education, they proceeded to do just that.

When I first met them the two boys were working on some of several ranches which had arisen by the time I came to the area. Their mother and sister were staying on the home place, and when they could all get together, and also at various other times, they would hitch up a spring wagon and go to spend the day or a couple of days visiting with nearby nesters or homesteaders, of which there were many in the area.

This soon came to be known as riding the bisquit line, as it was the habit of frontier people that when anyone came to your house you invited them to feed and rest their horses and eat with you. It was the code of the country and woe unto him who broke the code.

Thus, as time went on they became quite good at oratory, knowing and telling some great tales.

Arkansas, being the oldest, became the chief talker. The others just backed him up or just nodded their heads. As time went on he naturally gained the reputation of being the biggest liar in Wyoming.

Then came World War I and lots of the boys in the country went off to war, including Arkansas and his brother Bill. Bill was the first to go so my folks invited the family to a farewell dinner for him.

When they arrived at our place it was quite a gala affair as we had invited several of the neighbors. During the course of preparing the meal, Bill did not take much interest in the activity. He sat on the floor and leaned back against a trunk and did not say anything. Of course, everybody figured Arkansas was so noisy Bill just didn't get a chance.

So when dinner was served my mother wakened him and said, "Come on Bill, lots of good things to eat. After all, this is your party."

He got up rather slowly and mother asked if he felt bad. He said, "No. But I know I'll never see all you people again."

Sure enough, he was killed his first day at the front in France.

But about Arkansas . . . a few days later he came riding up to the little log school where I was attending class at the time. He knocked on the door and asked the teacher if he might talk to me. When the teacher said I could go out I went to see what was up and he said to me, "Bill, I came to tell you goodby as I am going to the Army. I am going to see a lot of country which I am going to enjoy very much. I have never been anywhere in all my life. I will see all I can and when I come back I'll tell you all about it."

Well, as luck would have it, he was recruited into the famous Rainbow Division, which from what I have heard saw plenty of action. He was, I understand, put on as an ambulance driver.

At that time they were using mules hooked to the ambulance. Then, of course, he hauled ammo and such out to the front. Then he hauled the injured back to the hospital.

One day his mother and sister were visiting around the area when his mother told us she had a letter from him saying he had picked up one of the local boys named Jim (I'd rather not use last names) and that Jim had taken a stomach wound from an exploding shell.

He said Jim had a nasty wound. When he found him he was trying to hold his intestines in with his hands. "But don't worry," he said, "I think he'll make it cause when I loaded him on the stretcher he said, 'Hey Red, will you make me a cigarette? If I lay on my back I can use one hand to smoke.' "

Later on his mother said she had received another letter from him in which he told her he had picked up another local boy by the name of Lee and that he had been bayonetted.

On checking with these boys' parents they both said they had not heard from the boys for some time as they were poor hands at writing anyway, but they did not believe the boys had been wounded or they would have heard from the government or the Red Cross. Anyway, they all said, "You know what a storyteller Arkansas is. Anything for a tale."

Later on when the war was ended and the boys started coming home Arkansas was one of the first to arrive. Of course, he was all around the country telling of the events of the war. Everybody figured it was mostly lies.

Then came the day when Lee's folks got word he would arrive home by train on a certain day. Naturally everybody

(Continued on page 66)

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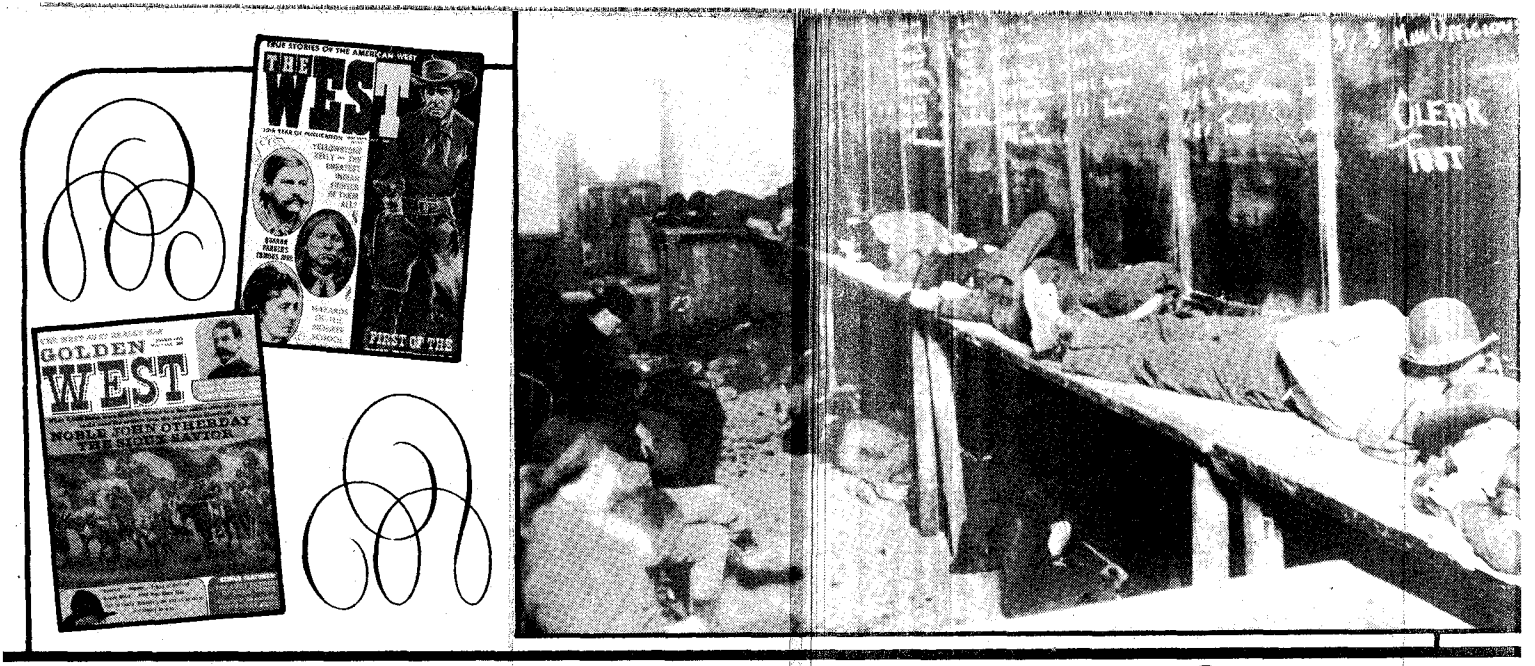

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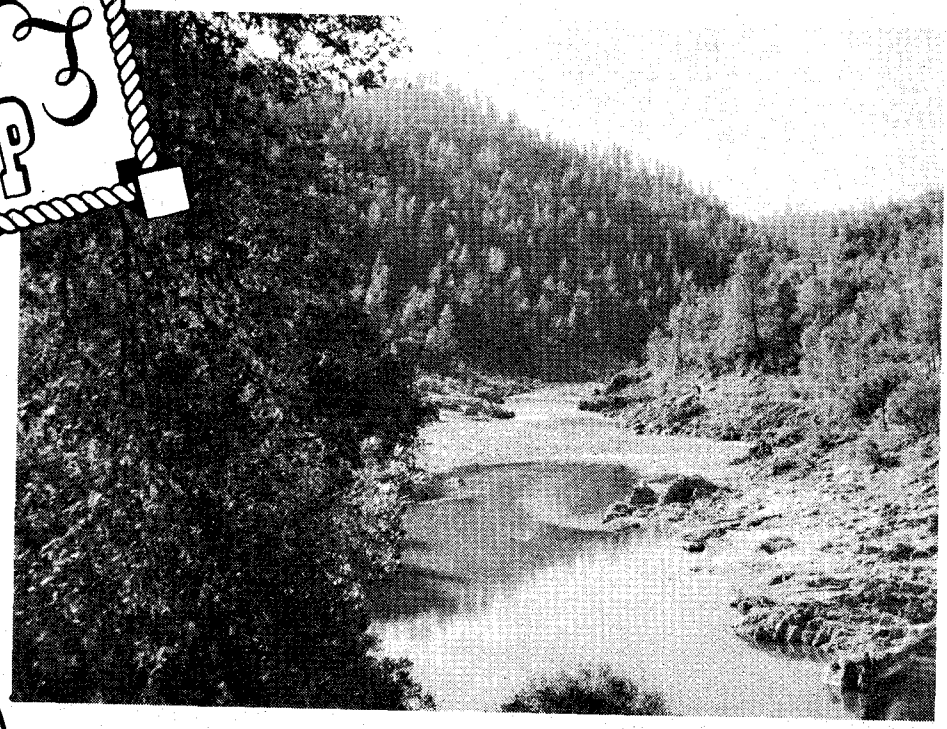
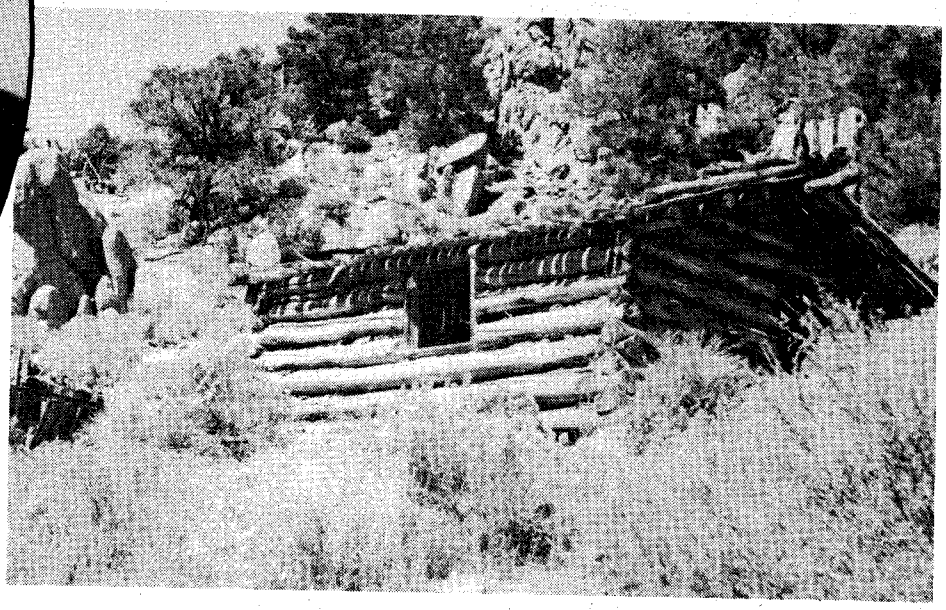
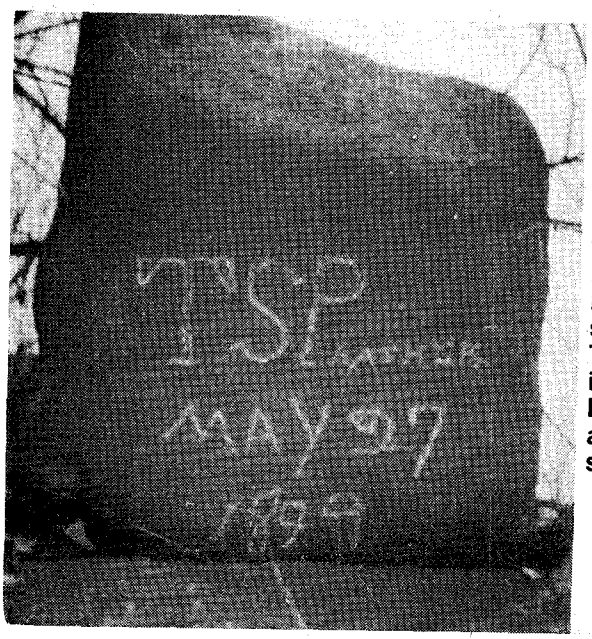


Above: Auburn Valley in California is one of the most picturesque places in the West. Below: This well-preserved log cabin stands, a throwback to the past, in Masonic, California, a ghost town.

Buffalo Bill Cody (above) earned his nickname after winning a buffalo hung against Billy Comstock.





Death on the trail (left) was often unheralded and anonymous. The Wild Bunch (right) sat for this picture in Texas in 1901. Butch Cassidy is seated at right. The Sundance Kid is seated at left. Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, stands at right.

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This unidentified Jicarilla Apache Indian was typical of the fierce nation that ruled the southwest.

Pictures of the past: This beautiful church (above) is one of the few remaining buildings in Golden, Oregon, a bustling, 19th century mining town. Trail drivers (below) take time out from their duties to pose for a picture. These were the real cowboys of the early day West.

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JOY & NO-NOSE MAGGIE

by Earl Spendlove

THE HARD-FACED WOMAN IN the bright red dress could no longer contain her boiling anger. The whites of her eyes were suffused with the red of rage—to match her dress. She grabbed the small, shapely girl by the hair and yanked her head backward.

"Git away from my man," she hissed.

With a screech of pain the small girl flew at her adversary and a moment later the two were rolling on the rough board floor cursing, clawing, and pulling hair. The rowdy, fun-loving miners crowded around the pair and cheered them on.

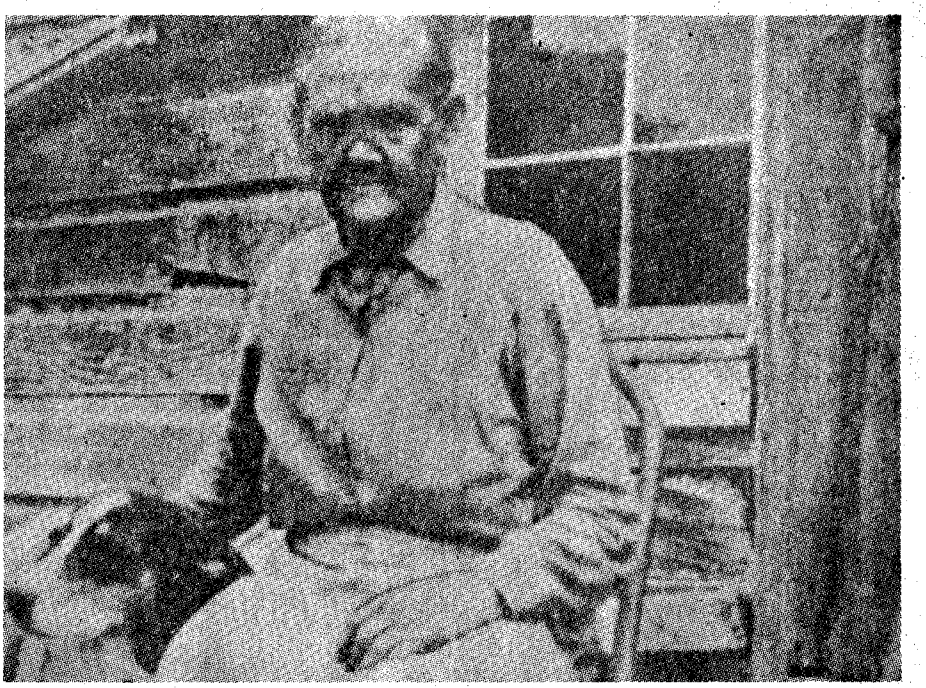
Minutes later, hands tangled in each others' hair, bare legs locked in a vice-like grip, they lay face-to-face on the floor and gasped for breath. Too exhausted to fight any longer, they stared into each others' eyes exuding naked hate. Suddenly, with a snarl of fury, the larger women lunged forward and bit off the other woman's nose!

"Well, that's not exactly true," Chester Foote of Nephi, Utah said when I told him the story. "Whoever wrote the book didn't have all the facts. It wasn't Eureka, Utah—it was at the Utah Mine in the Fish Springs Mountains. And she didn't get her nose bit off—she got it smashed right back into her face with a whiskey bottle!"

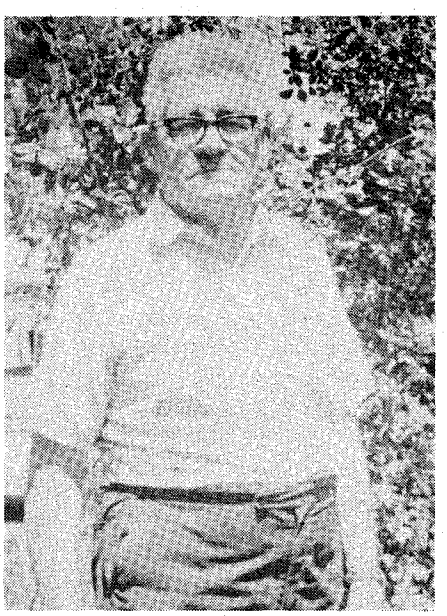
Foote was an old-timer who spent a good share of his life on a ranch on a western Utah desert, and our conversation fook place a few years ago after I'd stumbled onto a tumbled-down shack in an abandoned mining town in the Drum Mountains. The map shows that the name of the sad little place—which consisted of a pile of weathered boards, a few scattered rock foundations, and several prospect holes was, of all things, Joy!

The shack, a sheepherder told me, had once been a store, operated by a lady of pleasure who had grown too old and ugly to make her living at her chosen trade. "No-Nose Maggie," he called her, and in the years that followed I read everything I could find on Joy, and followed every lead on Maggie. From books, yellowed newspaper clippings, records in the Juab County courthouse and the National Archives, and from Foote and several others who knew Maggie personally, I am finally able to piece a story together.

A number of people I talked to said that "No-Nose Maggie," or "Aunt" Mary, as she was sometimes called, had been a show girl on Broadway. More reliable sources, however, indicate that she was born in North Dakota in 1858. Christened Mary Alice Ann Devitt, she grew up to be a small, but buxom and curvacious girl who caught the eye of every male in her neighborhood. While still in her teens she married and moved to Seattle. Like many women with full figures and pretty faces, Mary Alice enjoyed the admiring glances of the opposite sex. Her marriage, for some lost reason, was doomed from the very beginning.



Aunt Mary, "No-Nose Maggie," sits with her dog by her old store.



Chester Foote lived on ranch near Joy, knew Maggie and friends.

The next few pages from the book of her life are missing. When the story begins again, Mary Alice was a bar maid in the roaring mining camp at Virginia City, Nevada. She soon found, however, that a woman endowed as she was could make more money after hours than she could on her regular job, so she changed her profession and became a dance hall girl and a woman of pleasure.

When Virginia City got a bit too dull, she moved to Eureka, Utah where flourishing mines and well paid miners held the promise of easy wealth. For several months she worked the saloons and dance halls in this wild town in the tops of the Tintic Mountains where she was very much in demand . . . and completely available.

Her popularity with the miners and her aggressiveness in soliciting customers did little to endear her to her sisters in sin. They made her life so miserable that she decided to leave town and look for a new field from which to operate.

About this time Charlie Green, a cowpuncher on the Thomas ranch at Fish Springs, discovered a rich deposit of silver in the Fish Springs Mountains. Charlie loved the fresh air and the sunshine, and had no hankering to get off his horse and grub in the ground. So, when he was offered ten mustang horses for a million dollars in silver, he sold his claim and was

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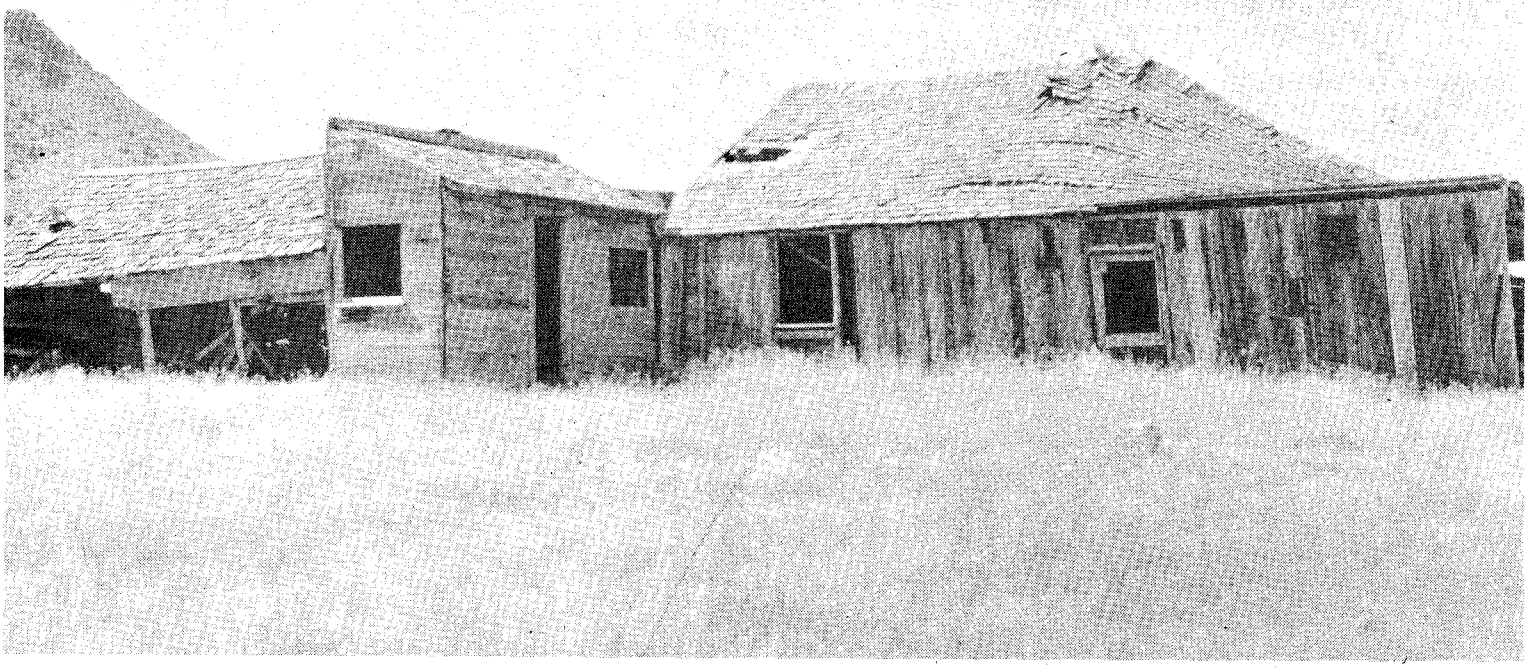
Not her frightful mishap nor even her demeaning profession could extinguish the gifts she was born with—her great spirit, her indomitable courage and love of life



Remains of Laird's store at Joy. Note odd shaped additions at the rear of the store.

darned relieved to be rid of it!

For the rest of his life, Charlie drifted about the desert, doing what he liked to do best. And, one night when they sat together by a lonely campfire, he gave young Chester Foote the details of another chapter in the life of No-Nose Maggie. According to Charlie, Maggie moved to the crude camp in the north end of the Fish Springs Mountains and began working at her trade shortly after mining operations began. At first she had no competition and the miners, hungry for female companionship, filled her purse with money. It was not long, however, until a hooker who called herself Katie Kilkoski moved to the camp and the trouble began.

On pay days the smokey one-room saloon was filled with wild, boisterous men, anxious to spend their wages on whiskey, women, and fun. The tall, skinny Katie and the small, but buxom Mary Alice neither asked nor gave favors in their efforts to outdo each other in separating the men from their money. One night, Mary Alice sidled up to the bar and pressed her shoulder against the arm of a bristly-bearded miner who had a belly full of whiskey, a roll of bills that would crowd a beer stein, and Katie Kilkosky hanging on his arm.

"Hi ya, kid!" she whispered in a husky voice, and put her hand on his arm.

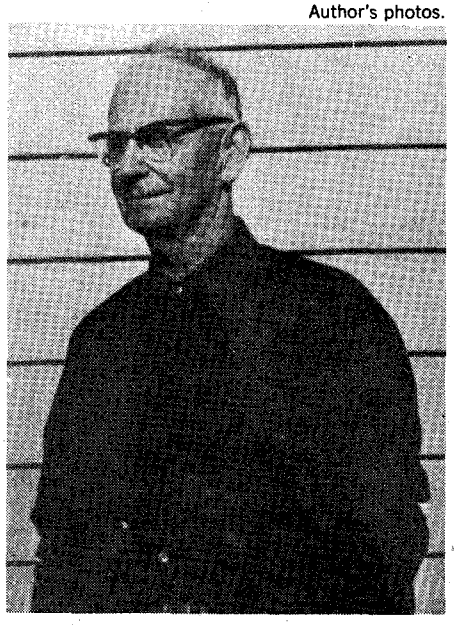
"Well, if it ain't Mary Alice," the miner laughed, and he turned unsteadily and put his arm around her bare shoulders.

"Find yer own man, you little—!" the tall, angular girl hissed. Her painted lips drew back to show small, even, white teeth. Strong teeth.

"What's the matter Katie, gettin' too old to hold yer man?" Mary Alice cooed sweetly.

"I'll show you who's gettin' old!" Katie

Author's photos.



J. Robertson, former Juab County Assessor, knew No-Nose Maggie.

screamed and clawing and spitting like a wildcat, she flew at the smaller girl. As mentioned at the beginning of this article, the two were soon rolling on the floor, kicking, fighting, and pulling hair. The fun loving miners cheered them on, of course, and made bets on which would emerge victorious. After ten minutes of furious fighting, their clothes were almost torn off and the two half-naked, scratched, and bleeding girls lay on the floor in a tangle of legs and arms and gasped for breath. Finally the miners tore the two apart and helped them to their feet.

For several minutes they leaned on the bar and gulped great breaths of air into their burning lungs. Then suddenly, without warning, Katie reached out, grasped a bottle that was sitting on the bar, swung it with all her might, and smashed Mary Alice in the face. There was a scream of pain and terror, then blood from the mashed nose and lacerated face gushed forth and drenched them both. The cheering miners were suddenly silent and several turned ghastly white and made for the swinging doors.

Without a doctor, and with very little medical help, Mary Alice suffered untold agony. When her face finally healed it was a caricature of what had once been a hard but pretty face. Livid red scars crossed her cheeks where the broken bottle had slashed the flesh. Her nose, which had once been a thing of beauty was mashed so flat that it looked as though she had

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no nose at all—a sickening sight.

Katie Kilkoski paid dearly for her act of violence. A few weeks after the fight, her broken and battered body was found at the bottom of a mine shaft. It was whispered around the camp that a broken-hearted admirer of Mary Alice had thrown her in. They told the sheriff, however, that one dark night she had wandered away from a drinking party and fell into the deep pit. The sheriff, being a practical man, did not ask questions.

Eventually a dance hall girl who has lost the bloom of youth finds it hard to make a living. Mary Alice, with her horrible scars and two holes in her face where her nose should have been, soon found it difficult to keep body and soul together. She could not return to her family, and there was nowhere else to go, so she had to make the best of a bad situation. In spite of her handicap, No-Nose Maggie, as she was now called, remained undaunted. She had a cheery, ribald greeting for customers of the saloon and wasted no time in self pity.

As time went on, Maggie began to think she was destined to spend the rest of her days in the grimy little camp on the steep, wind-swept side of the Fish Springs Mountain. Then one morning, after a wild night of fun and frolic—and with no effort on her part—she suddenly changed her place of abode.

On this warm spring morning she awoke with the most terrific hang-over she had ever had. Her ears were ringing with a clanking and clattering she had never heard before. Her bed seemed to lurch from side to side, and from time to time it felt as though someone was lifting it high in the air and dropping it back to the floor. When she found the courage to open her eyes she saw, to her surprise, not the dingy rafters of her rough lumber shack, but a bright blue, cloudless sky. A man was sitting on the spring seat of a wagon, just above her feet. Suddenly she realized she was lying flat on her back in a wagon . . . and the wagon was moving.

"Hey, what th' hell's goin' on?" she screeched, and the man looked over his shoulder and grinned. She didn't know his name, but his face was vaguely familiar.

"Honey, you and me is gonna find Joy," he said, and laughed so hard he almost fell out of the seat. In a flash she grasped his meaning. Joy was a grubby little mining camp located in the Drum Mountains, some 30 miles to the southeast.

"You ain't takin' me to that damned hole," she screamed. "I'll walk back!"

"Go right ahead," the man said, and laughed again with pure enjoyment of his private joke.

"You son of a ——!" she shouted, and sat up, throwing the blanket off. For a moment the world spun crazily. When it stopped spinning she looked down and discovered she was as naked as a Jay-bird.

"Where are my clothes?" she demanded when she had run out of the scurviest names she could think of to call him.

"Back at the mine," the man hooted with laughter.

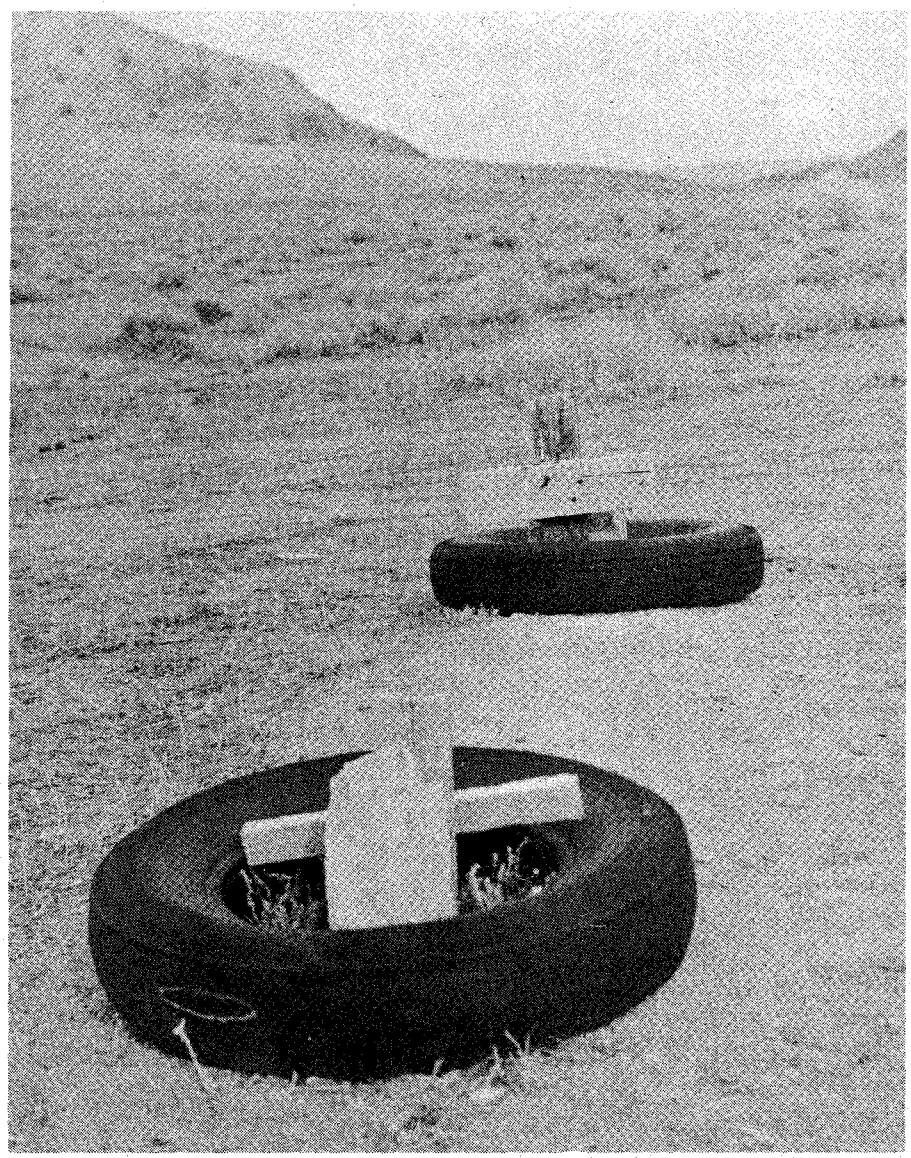
Maggie held onto the side of the wagon and cursed. Even if modesty did not prevent her from going back, she was not about to expose her bare back to the blazing sun in a barefoot walk of over ten miles of rocky road. If there was one thing Maggie had learned to do, it was to roll with the punches and make the best of a bad situation. Before they arrived in Joy, she was sitting on the seat with the driver, wrapped in a blanket, laughing and talking as though they had planned the trip together.

Early in 1879, manganese had been discovered in the Drum Mountains. Gradually the activities centered near the head of a canyon that flowed out into the desert to the east. A few dilapidated buildings were built near a small spring that bubbled out at the base of a black basaltic mountain, and this pitiful little place was ironically called Joy. The principal part of the community sprang up around the Ibex mine, a quarter of a mile from the stable and store at the spring. Here were two saloons, a company building, a superintendent's office and home, a beanery, and tents and shacks for a couple of hundred get-rich-quick miners.

There was little to indicate, even during the best times, that this miserable little cluster of shacks and tents that clung to the barren hillsides would ever live up to their happy name. Maggie and a whiskey bottle were the most joy the miners found in this wretched place at the end of a long, hard day . . . . and both were a little hard to take.

On special occasions the "joy" got mighty rough and wild. One Christmas Eve young Matt Evans, who came from Philadelphia, got into a friendly brawl that was part of the yuletide festivities. The fun was getting started when he was hit over the head with a whiskey bottle and knocked unconscious.

"Take him outside," a man leaning



Matt Evans, who froze to death on Christmas Eve, is buried at head of pass. A sheepherder placed protective tires around crosses.

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against the bar ordered. "The cool air will revive him."

The unconscious man was promptly dragged outside, stretched out on the ground beside the building, and immediately forgotten. Next morning he was still there and, as one of the miners so aptly put it, he was, "colder'n a fish, stiffer'n a board, and deader'n a mackeral."

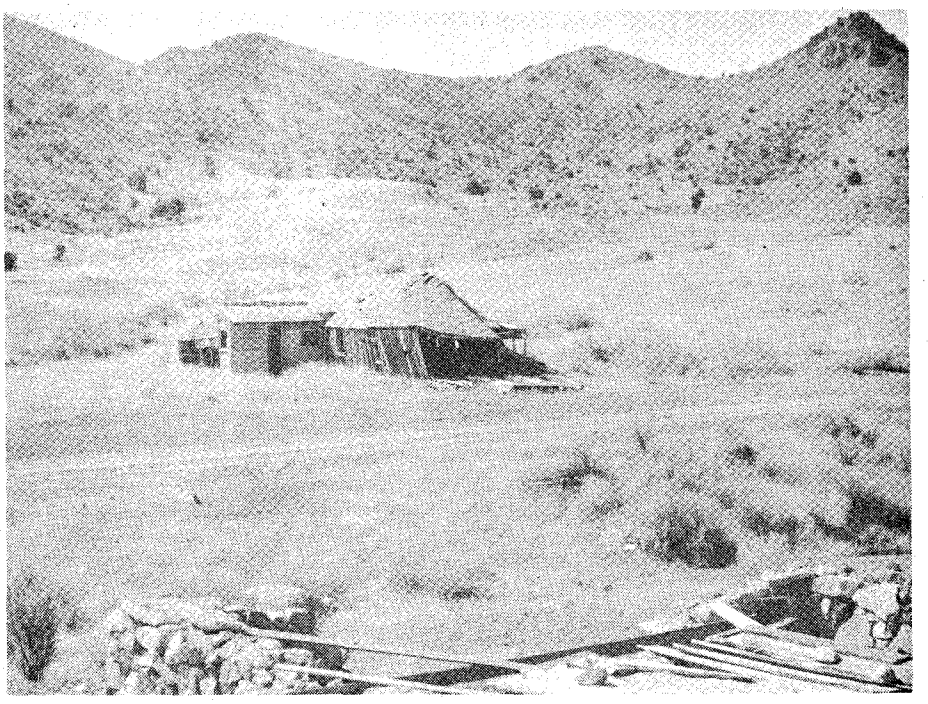
Poor Matt Evans had frozen to death.

Joy had it's biggest Christmas celebration that day when they put Matt Evans in a rough pine box and buried him at the head of the pass. The grave was marked by two stones set firmly in the ground, and a rude cross on which they had carved his name. It was "Joy forever more," for young Matt Evans.

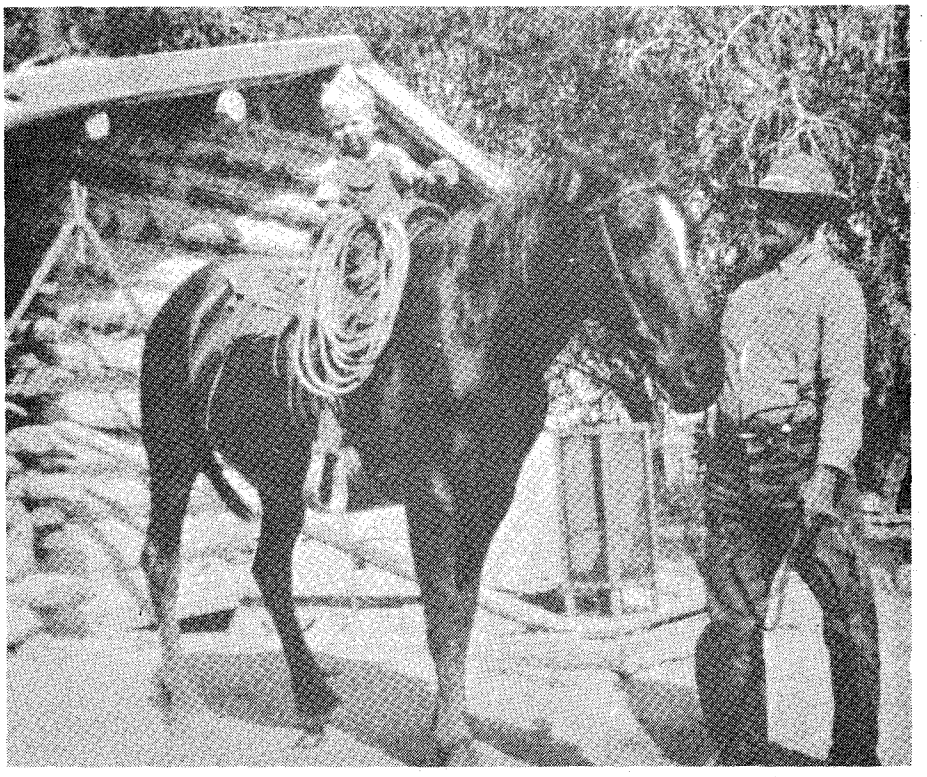
As the years passed, they found that the manganese in the mines was not of the highest quality. Equipment had to be hauled in and ore freighted out over long, rough roads, and the income from the ore barely paid expenses. The mines changed hands several times, miners came and went, and life for No-Nose Maggie was no bed of roses. But Maggie was not one to complain. Her spirit was as wild and as untamed as ever, but the years had taken their toll and she knew she could not move on to the next boom town. So she did the best she could, she moved in with a Scotsman named Ardabold M. Laird and shared his bed and board.

Laird claimed to be a lawyer, but those who knew him suspected that he had never passed the bar... at least not one with bottles on it. He could, however, read and write and he did manage to earn a few dollars by doing odd jobs such as helping prospectors file their claims, and by writing letters for illiterate miners.

Maggie and Ardabold took over the stable and store, and for a few years did rather well. They developed the spring to provide water for thirsty travelers and their animals, and they sold supplies to miners, prospectors, freighters, cowboys, and sheepmen. On the back of the store they built ramshackle rooms, and weary wayfarers could get bed and board at Laird's Store for whatever they could afford to pay. Drifters, down on their luck, were never turned away because they had no money.



Joy, once booming mining town in Drum Mountains, is almost gone. Laird's Store is in center of photo.



Charlie Green, who discovered silver ore in Fish Springs Mntns, spent rest of his life as cowboy, working ranches on Utah-Nevada border.

Detroit Mining District records show that on December 23, 1893, Ardabold Laird was made deputy recorder. On August 11, 1894, he became the recorder, and on October 31st of the same year, he was appointed Postmaster at Dru, another mining camp about three miles to the south. He held this position until the Post Office was discontinued on June 30, 1897.

A Post Office was established in Joy on August 26, 1899, and records in the National Archives show that Mary Laird was appointed Postmaster. With the exception of five years, between February 7, 1910 and February 4, 1915, she held this position until the Postoffice was officially discontinued on May 15, 1919.

To supplement their income from the store, stable, and Post Office the Lairds purchased a few cows and turned them out on the rocky ranges. They also imported two pigs, "to keep the rattlesnakes under control." Strangely enough the pigs multiplied and, although no one knew what they found to eat, skinny, squealing pigs were seen wandering over the desert 20 miles from Joy, the nearest water.

Ardabold and Maggie must have found a little joy for themselves in this lonely place, for one spring day they took the long road to Deseret, Utah and were legally married by the Justice of the Peace, Josiah F. Gibbs. In recognition of No-Nose Maggie's new marital status, the miners and pilgrims of the desert felt she should have a more respectable name, and they began calling her "Aunt Mary," and sometimes "Aunt Mae."

The legal knot and the appellations

(Continued on page 57)

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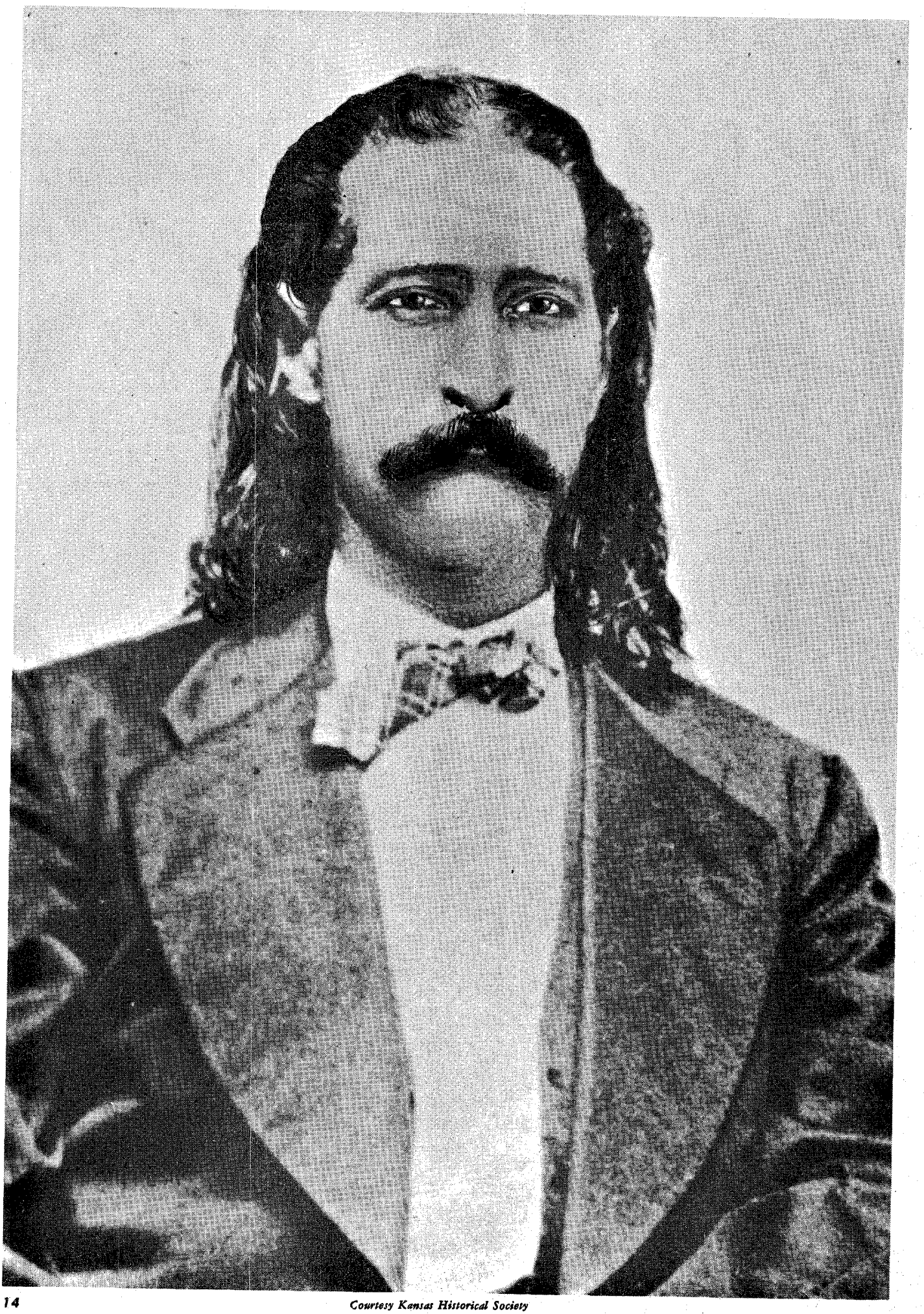

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Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

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THE STRANGE MARRIAGE OF WILD BILL HICKOK

by Charles J. Jonson

What was behind the mystery marriage of Wild Bill to Agnes Lake, circus woman?

IT WAS A STRANGE marriage ceremony, as such events went in the Old West. No fanfare of excitement, only the bride and groom, the minister, two friends as witnesses. It took place March 5, 1876 in the home of Sam Moyer in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Sam Moyer and his wife were the two witnesses, and Reverend W. F. Warren of the Methodist Church conducted the service.

The bride was the tall Mrs. Agnes Thachter Lake, 46, a famous circus performer. The groom was James Butler Hickok, known in the Old West as Wild Bill Hickok. Wild Bill in that year was only 36, but his hair was streaked with gray, there was a twitch in his right cheek, his shoulder sagged a little, and he looked twenty years older.

Reverend Warren wasted no time on the ceremony. It was over in less than ten minutes, and the bride and groom left Cheyenne that evening for Cincinnati, via St. Louis. The marriage didn't last beyond St. Louis where Wild Bill left his new bride and returned to Cheyenne.

What happened to this marriage is one phase of the life of Wild Bill Hickok that historians and writers have glossed over. This is something of a mystery because the causes of the breakup of this marriage underline a tragic and pathetic period in the life of Wild Bill. Mrs. Lake and Wild Bill were old acquaintances. In 1871, when Wild Bill was marshal at Abilene, Mrs. Lake's circus was performing there. There is no evidence that the meeting of Mrs. Lake and Wild Bill was anything more than casual.

Wild Bill couldn't very well have given any more than a passing look at Mrs. Lake. At that time he was living in a cabin at the edge of town with Susanna Moore, a fiery redhead, and, if we are to believe the rumors in Abilene at that time, Wild Bill was also giving some attention to Ethel Borne, who occupied a cabin not far from the one where Susanna Moore resided and which, according to the gossips, was rented by Wild Bill.

However, Wild Bill never referred to Ethel Borne as his wife, but he did on several occasions introduce Susanna Moore as Mrs. Hickok. There was also another woman Wild Bill referred to as his wife, a woman who bore him a son. This was Indian Annie, an Indian girl Wild Bill appeared with in Ellsworth in 1872. They lived together in a shack across the ravine from the county jail. A son was born to them, and the arrival of the son caused Wild Bill to pull up stakes and disappear, deserting Indian Annie and his son. The son was supported by Indian Annie and lived until he was fourteen, when he died of diphtheria.

Mrs. Lake arrived in Cheyenne on March 1st, five days before the marriage, to visit Sam Moyer and his wife. Sam Moyer knew Wild Bill and invited him to the house the day Mrs. Lake arrived.

Why the whirlwind courtship of five days? Wild Bill had never shown any interest in Mrs. Lake, a woman eleven years his senior. To understand what happened you have to get a good picture of Agnes Thachter Lake. She had been, in her younger days, one of the most famous circus performers in the West. She came from a long line of circus families and had run the list of circus jobs. She had been a tightrope walker, a lion tamer, a famous horseback rider, and the original "Mazeppa." She had toured Europe, and had played before Emperor William and other crowned heads in Europe. She was an educated woman, a linguist, and a woman who usually got whatever she wanted.

At that period of her life, sensing that her performing days were over, Mrs. Lake had only one desire and that was to get married again. And what Agnes Lake wanted, she usually got.

To her, Wild Bill Hickok was still the gallant, dashing marshal of Abilene, but in her mad desire to get married she hadn't given Wild Bill a very close look. Otherwise, in all probability, the marriage wouldn't have taken place. The Wild Bill Hickok of 1876, in Cheyenne, was a far cry from the Wild Bill Hickok of the Abilene days.

Here is Thomas Hooker's description of Wild Bill in 1876 in Cheyenne:

"Wild Bill . . . was just a plain gambler, and not a very good one. . . . When he was in Cheyenne he was on his last legs—had begun, as they say, to slow down . . . it was generally understood he had lost his nerve. He carried two revolvers in his belt and they protruded from his broadcloth coat. He also carried a Bowie knife. But for all this and his reputation, he weakened one night when an undersized little California buckaroo challenged him to walk out in the street and fight a duel at twenty paces. "Wild Bill" lay down, saying his eyes had gone back on him and his shooting days were over.

"Shortly after this incident the Cheyenne authorities decided to rid the town of a few of the worst criminals, so they tacked notices on telegraph poles containing a list of a dozen or more characters, headed by Wild Bill, giving them 24 hours to get out of town." *(Continued on page 44)*

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HIDDEN TREASURES OFF

The Captain of the BROTHER JONATHAN went to his death railing against "...greedy profiteers who overloaded us." Most of the passengers and crew died with him; only 19 survived. Treasure known to have been carried in the hold of the ship was never recovered...

by Leo Rosenhouse

SAIL AND STEAMSHIP TRADE was booming between San Francisco and Panama during the mid-1800s, and the vessels plying the trade ports from the extent of the Pacific Coast were so numerous they dotted the horizon as they lugged supplies and passengers to thriving coastal towns.

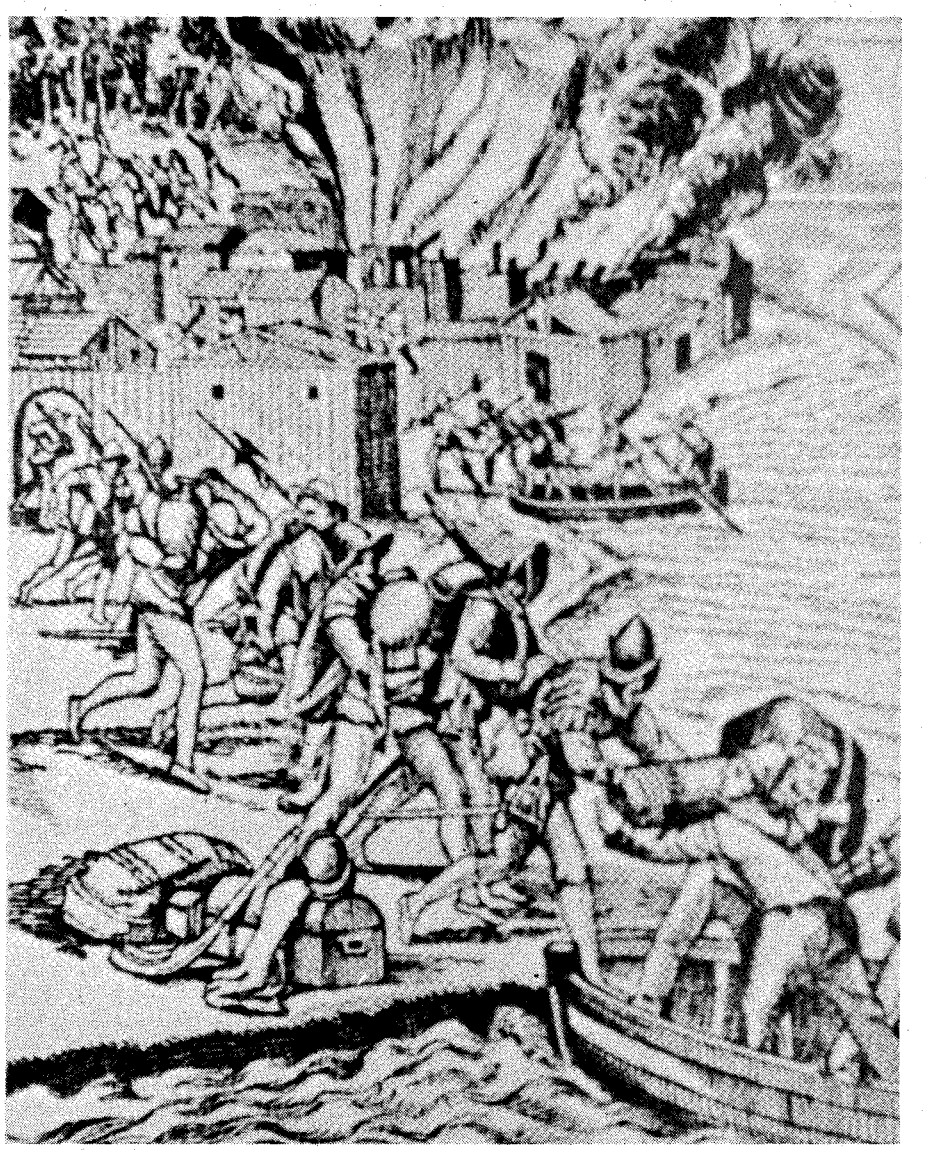
One of the most popular of coastal passenger and freight ships whose home port was San Francisco, was the Brother Jonathan. **A sidewheel steamer with auxiliary sail, the vessel weighed 1,359 tons and was considered sturdy and seaworthy.**

She had been built in New York in 1851 and was meant to travel within Long Island Sound, but her owners sold her for the lucrative Pacific Coast trade. It was a tragic mistake, as events were shortly to prove. The *Brother Jonathan* was a very good ship, but had not been built to withstand the fury of the coastal storms which hammered at the Pacific Coast during much of the year. She had been designed as a channel vessel meant to travel within sheltered waters.

The first inkling of pending disaster took place when the vessel, with 350 passengers aboard, was traveling toward Seattle—and was caught by a moderate storm. The vessel was so badly torn and shaken, she had to go into port for a complete refitting. After that, wise captains refused to take the helm of this ship until the owners offered fantastic wages for a man with recklessness and courage who was willing to pilot her in and out of coastal ports.

That man turned out to be Captain Samuel De Wolfe, who took command with the understanding that he would have full say on how the ship was to be loaded and the passenger list she would carry.

On July 27, 1865, Captain De Wolfe was in a cold rage, and was threatening to quit his job. The owners had told a firm of ship's chandlers on Long Wharf Pier in San Francisco to load the vessel with extra cargo because buyers in Victoria, Canada were willing to pay a premium for San Francisco-made household goods.



Pirates from Panama looted harbor towns in Mexico and California.

Loading of the *Brother Jonathan* took so long, the vessel didn't leave its pier with the additional cargo until the next morning. Captain De Wolfe was at the helm only because the ship owners had threatened to attempt to revoke his navigational license if he didn't sail.

The manifest showed 130 passengers and a crew of 55 aboard. The passengers were given a gay send-off by families and friends, and the *Jonathan* cautiously made her way through San Francisco Bay and out through the Golden Gate. She was immediately tossed about by choppy seas, for a storm was brewing and gale winds were streaming down from Alaska.

Most of the passengers went below, suddenly seasick and frightened, and the crew cursed and fought the shifting cargo,

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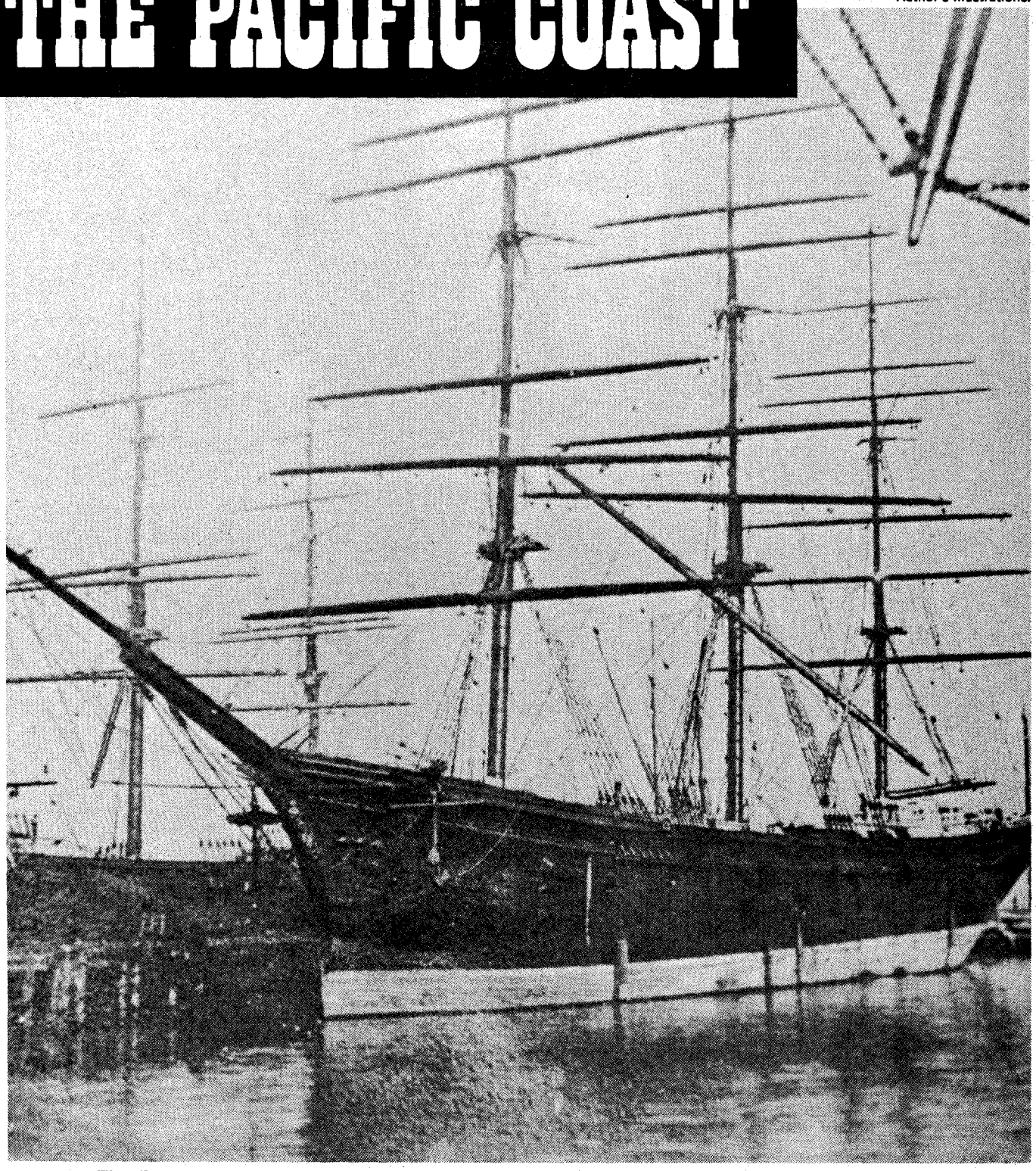
THE PACIFIC COAST

Author's Illustrations.



The "Harvey Mills" ran into trouble between Seattle and San Francisco in 1886, and was lost.

while sailors on deck rushed to take in sail to keep the masts from snapping.

On July 30th, in spite of the heavy sea and winds, the vessel turned shoreward as she neared Crescent City, her first port of call. The vessel had only a small chest to deliver to a lonely army garrison guarding the town and coast. Within the chest was reportedly $250,000 in hard currency to pay the soldiers in the garrison salaries which were long overdue.

Calling for a full head of steam because the coastal currents were pulling his ship off course, Captain De Wolfe was dismayed when a sudden cloudburst darkened the sky and obliterated his view. However, thinking he was heading into Crescent City harbor, the Captain was thankful. The ocean waves were so tremendous they were threatening to overturn his vessel or swamp it; to make safe harbor under these conditions would cause any seafarers to feel thankful.

Suddenly, the *Brother Jonathan* scraped against a hidden rock cropping near the harbor entrance and suffered a fatal gash below the water line. The weight of the extra cargo was like a lead sinker, and the ship settled to the bottom of the ocean in but 12 minutes!

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In these tragic moments, all but 19 persons perished, and just before the captain went down with his ship, he was heard to bemoan, "Those greedy San Francisco profiteers overloaded us. We might have made it if we'd had a lighter cargo."

Sharks and the fury of the sea accounted for the disappearance of most of the bodies, but a good deal of cargo and wreckage came ashore.

The chest of silver and gold coin was not recovered, and is believed to be buried with the hulk of the vessel under several feet of rock strewn sand about six miles south of Crescent City Harbor along the upper California coast.

Later, newspaper reports raised the alleged amount of money in the vanished chest as over $2,000,000, but this could be an exaggeration as harbor records in San Francisco indicated the lesser amount of $250,000.

Where is this treasure chest now? Likely amid the coastal rocks which are named Northwest Seal Rock, Southwest Seal Rock, Whale Rock, and East Rock. All treasure hunters have had for their searching pains to date are bruised bodies from being thrown against the rocks by crashing waves, and torn scuba diving suits, plus damaged equipment.

Still, the search goes on! Some day, and likely soon—as treasure hunting equipment has lately improved—someone will make a tremendous find and experience a bit of happiness and wealth from the tragedy of the last century.

On July 27, 1862, the sail-steamer called the *Golden Gate* was making good time off the coast as she pushed through high swells, headed for the city of Panama. The voyage from San Francisco, up until this first day of full sunshine and relatively calm seas, had been rough on the 338 passengers.

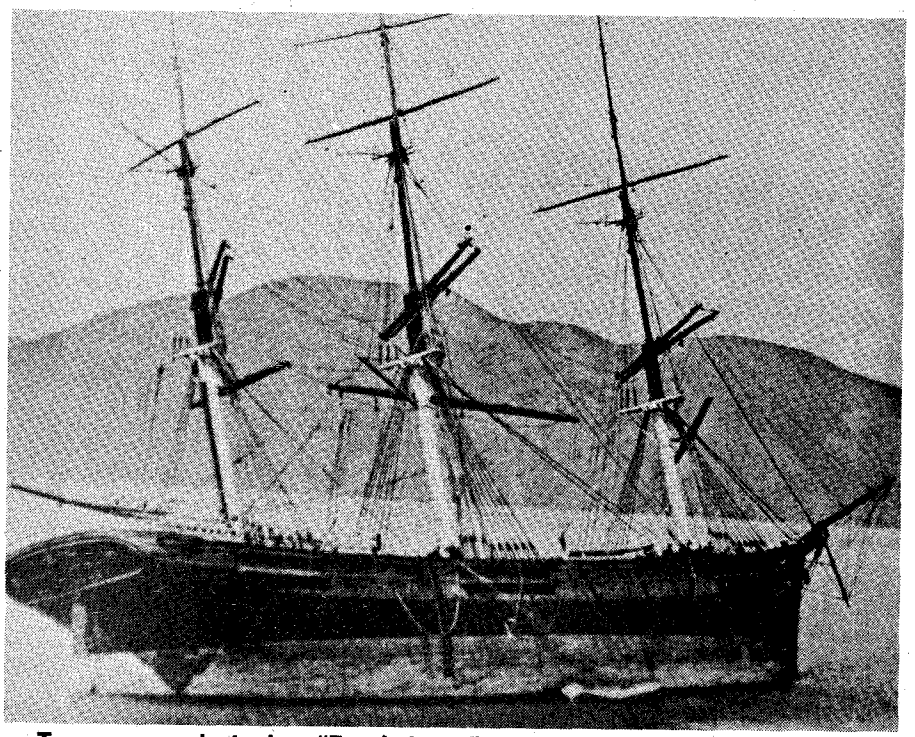
Bitter cold fog had chilled most of them as they huddled in their bunks fully dressed and with all blankets wrapped tight to keep out the bitterly cold, numbing air. Many had started small fires in coal pots, and as the weather suddenly took a turn for the better, it is believed a careless passenger might have overturned a smouldering container of burning coals as he stumbled out of bed and headed for the warmth on deck.

As all the passengers now warmed themselves in the welcome sun, and were congratulating each other that they would be in port before nightfall and able to relax, Captain W.H. Hudson, who had made the Panama-San Francisco run many times, suddenly heard from one of his crew the shouted alarm, "Fire!"

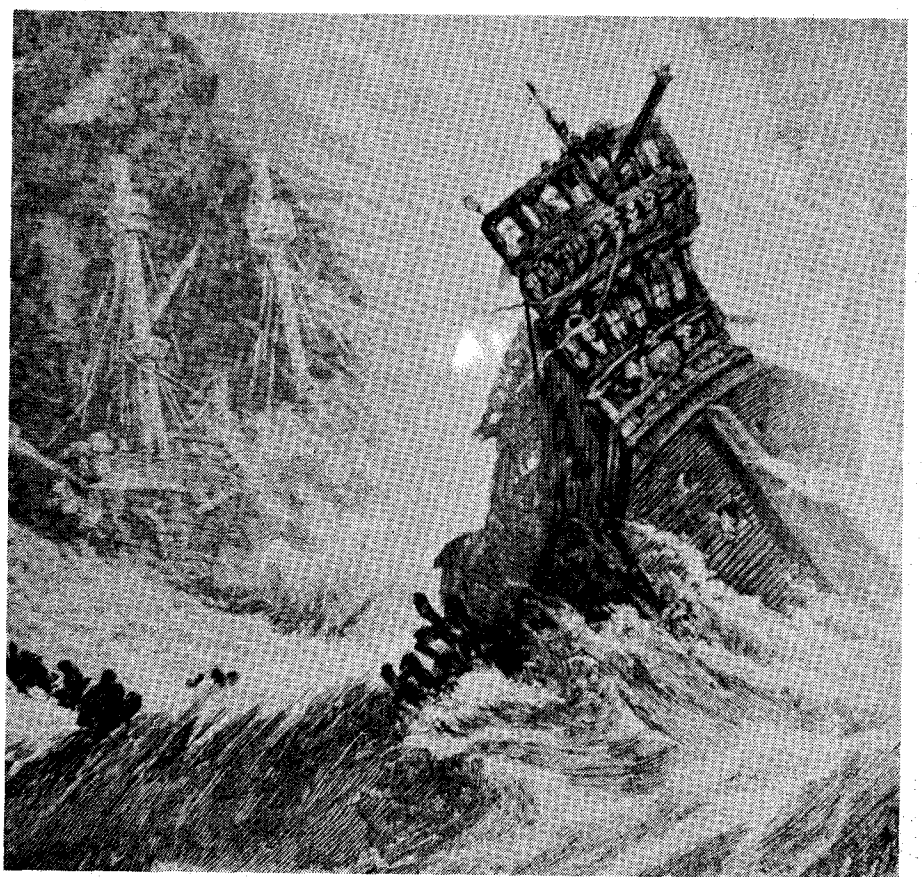
Tongues of orange flame were shooting up from the passengers' hold amidship, and between the huge sidewheels churning the green waters into white froth. It was as if someone had poured kerosene into the ship and lit a match, so rapid and intense was the inferno.

Shrieking an order to his mate at the helm to head shoreward, Captain Hudson hoped he could make the port of Manzanillo before the fire got completely out of control.

The *Golden Gate* was one of the best ships afloat in the Pacific, and was well equipped with life jackets, the most recent innovation meant to save lives at sea. Although Captain Hudson ordered every passenger to quickly don the cork filled jackets, most of the passengers panicked, and began jumping into the lifeboats while the craft were still being lowered. As a result, several drowned, and three of



Treasure was lost when "Frank Jones" struck rocks near Golden Gate.



The "San Sabastian" went down in Santa Barbara Channel off California coast in 1754, with $2,000,000 believed to have been in ship's safe.

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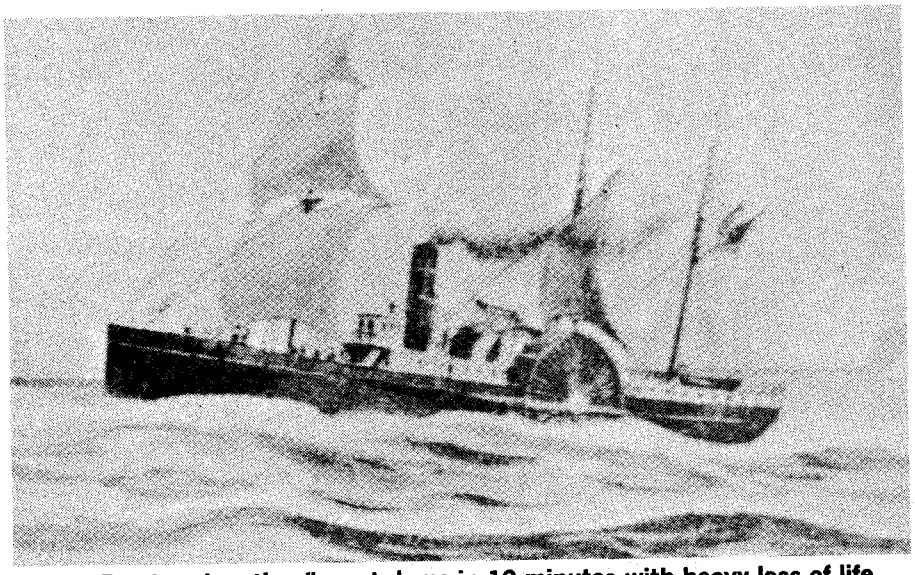
the lifeboats were overturned and sank, due to swamping.

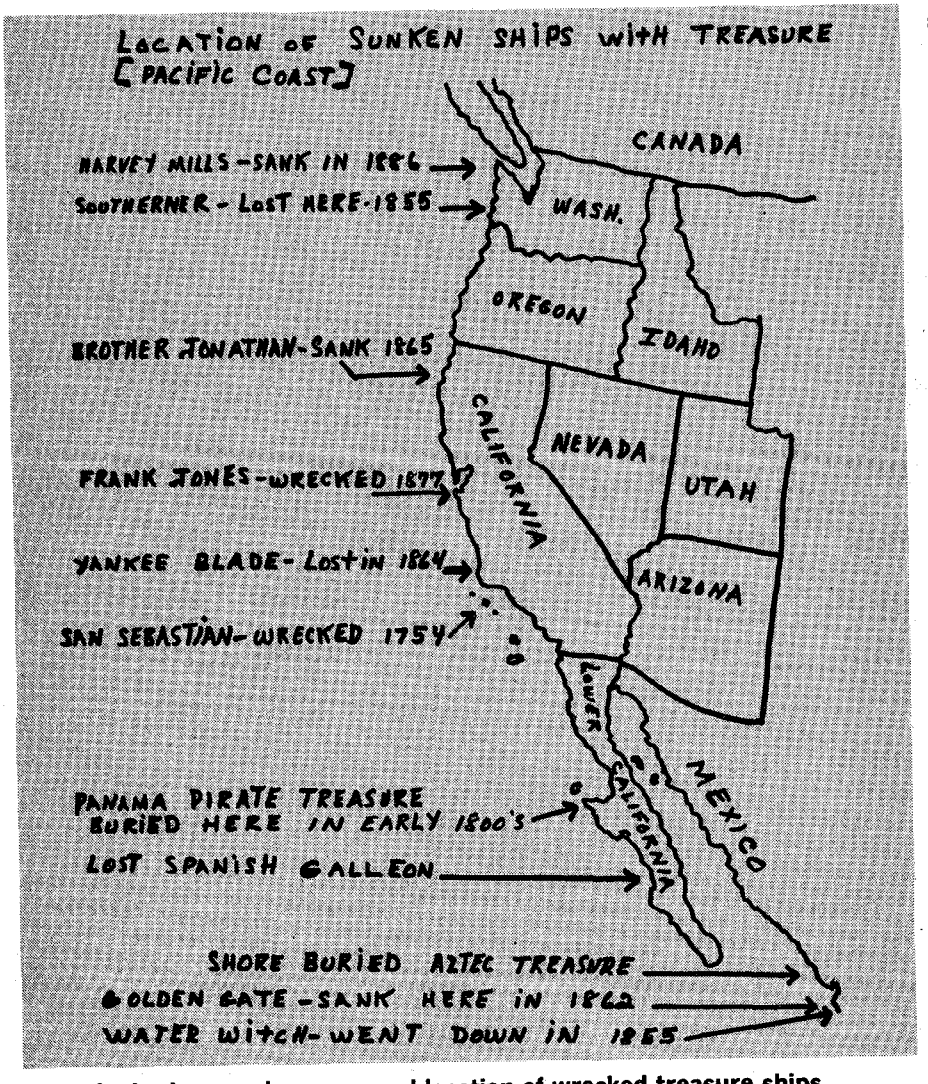
The *Golden Gate* burned furiously to the water line and then the bowels of the ship continued to blaze until the vessel was thoroughly charred. Then she sank.

Ironically, the current had pushed her shoreward, so she went down in but a few feet of water; consequently, her charred hull locked into the soft sand. When the survivors were counted, it was found that 198 passengers and crew members had been lost. Lost also was a large safe that had been lodged in the Captain's spacious quarters, and was not only locked and guarded, but had heavy link chain wrapped over the safe; the keys to the locks clasping these chains were in the Captain's pockets.

Illus. furnished by Author.



The "Brother Jonathan" went down in 12 minutes with heavy loss of life.



Author's map shows general location of wrecked treasure ships.

The safe contained $1,577,760 in silver coin, gold pieces, and greenbacks. At Panama, this was to have been transferred across the Isthmus, according to a contemporary report, where another fleet ship was to take the safe to New York. The money was repayment to New England financiers for building projects in the San Francisco harbor district.

While survivors made their way to the tiny port of Manzanillo on the lonely Mexican coast, a few of the crew lingered in a desperate search for the safe, but it could not be found.

Several days after the tragedy, the ship's owners made an attempt to recover the safe by sending an experienced diver to the scene. The man could only depend upon his ability to hold his breath under water, and used crude weights to drop himself into depths as low as he dared go, but was unable to locate the safe.

After another severe storm raked the beach, a man known only as Johnston searched through the remaining wreckage and found loose coin in the sands of the beach. It is believed that he gathered several thousands of dollars. Newspaper accounts of that period also report that an unidentified treasure hunter located a passenger's personal treasure chest containing $25,000 in money and gems.

As these stories filtered into the offices of the underwriters in San Francisco who had lost heavily on the *Golden Gate,* a small guard of men was sent to protect the area, and they were followed by a crew of laborers who sifted the sands and inspected every bit of wreckage; they were thus able to recover several hundred thousands of dollars. Obviously, the safe had broken apart to discharge its treasure to the sea and shore.

In 1922, a descendant of the man named Johnston who searched the wreckage initially was able to make a find of more than $10,000 in coin, and the hunt still goes on, but the shifting shoreline has made the treasure hunt rather difficult. It is presumed that $100,000 has been taken from the area since 1900, but many times more than that amount still lies buried.

Another Panama bound vessel, the steamship *Yankee Blade*, also equipped with small sail, was wallowing in heavy seas off Point Conception, near Santa Barbara, California when the ship suddenveered inland and was crippled by a massive reef of rocks jutting out into the sea.

The *Yankee Blade* had come from San Francisco, and her passengers had entrusted $163,000 in savings to the purser, who had the fortune locked in his cabinet safe. There was no time to rescue the

(Continued on page 62)

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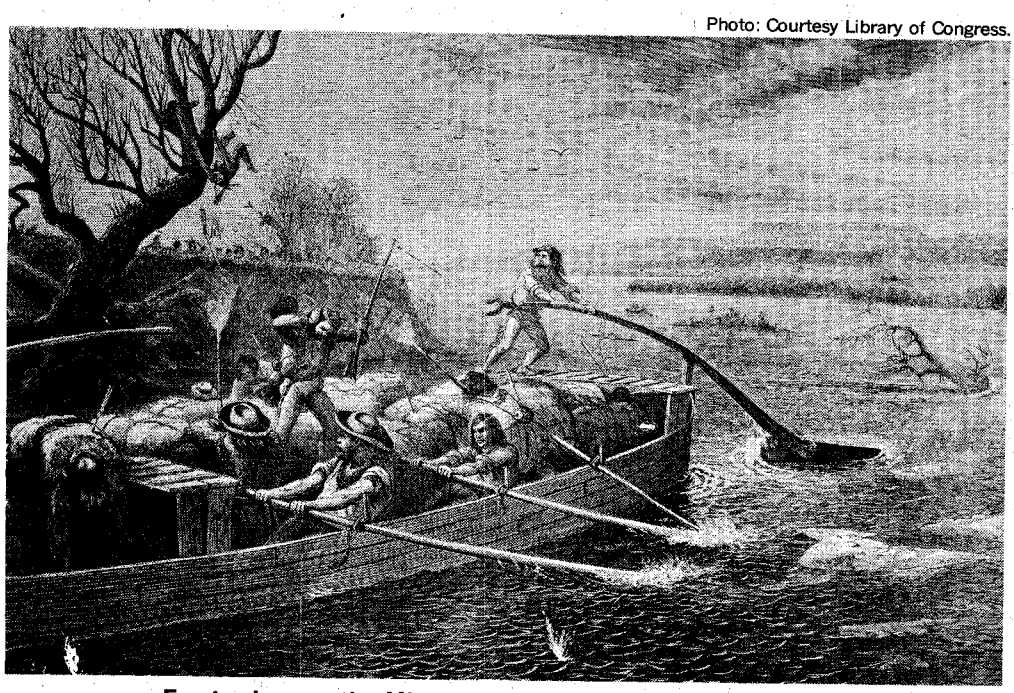
JEDEDIAH'S JINXED JOURNEY

Photo: Kansas State Hist. Soc.

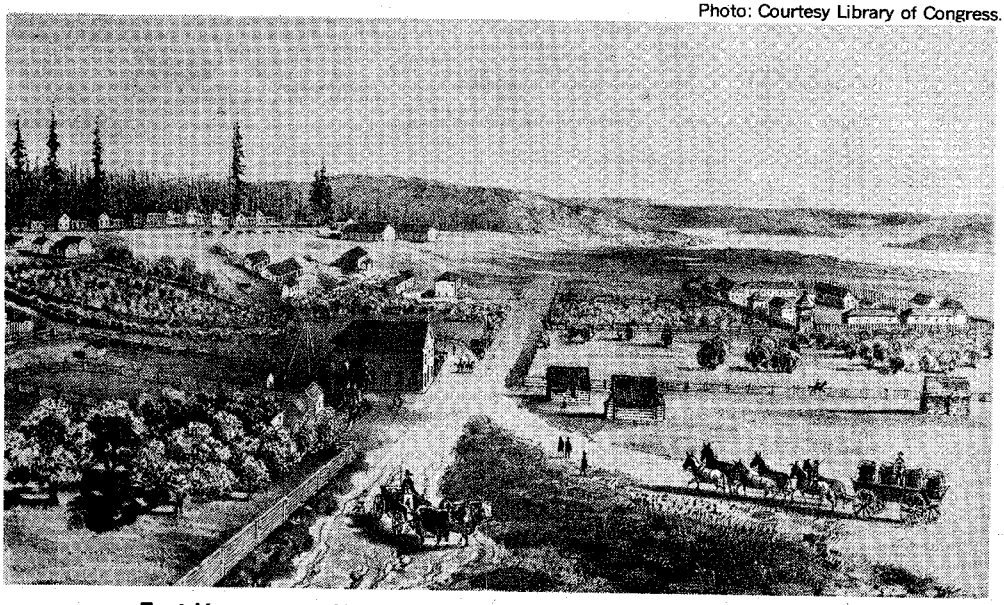
Jedediah Smith lost 8 men and a boy.

Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress.



Fur traders on the Missouri—Indian ambush was constant danger.

Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress.



Fort Vancouver; Hudson's Bay Company kept tight hand on fur trade.

by Don Indrysek

IN THE EARLY 1800'S ANY American interest in the Northwest lay solely in the hands of private trade parties.

Famous mountain men such as Jim (Old Gabe) Bridger and the Sublette brothers were only a few of the colorful men that first dared to venture into the unknown regions. These men were active in securing the Northwest for American fur trade, wresting it with some trouble from the longer established Hudson Bay Company. While small American expeditions penetrated deeper and deeper into the Northwest pelt fields, the Bay Company was busy securing the region with a stronger hold then ever. New contacts were made with Indian tribes and old ones were reaffirmed at pretty prices. Fur lines were increased and numerous small forts dotted the region under the watchful eye of Dr. John McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver.

But many times the Indians did not realize they had traded with Americans until the deals were made and parties were well on their way home. Fear arose in the tribes that the Hudson's Bay Company might retaliate sharply for their trading with the interlopers of the region. As a result most trading centered around the posts known to belong to the Bay Company, or on fur expeditions led by well known personnel such as Chief Trader McLeod.

However, there were tribes that took more drastic methods—such as ambushes and sudden raids—to discourage the American expeditions. One of these was the ill-fated fur party of Jedediah Smith, an expedition plagued with unfortunate incidents and accidents, and, in the end, massacre.

Jedediah Smith was the twenty-seven

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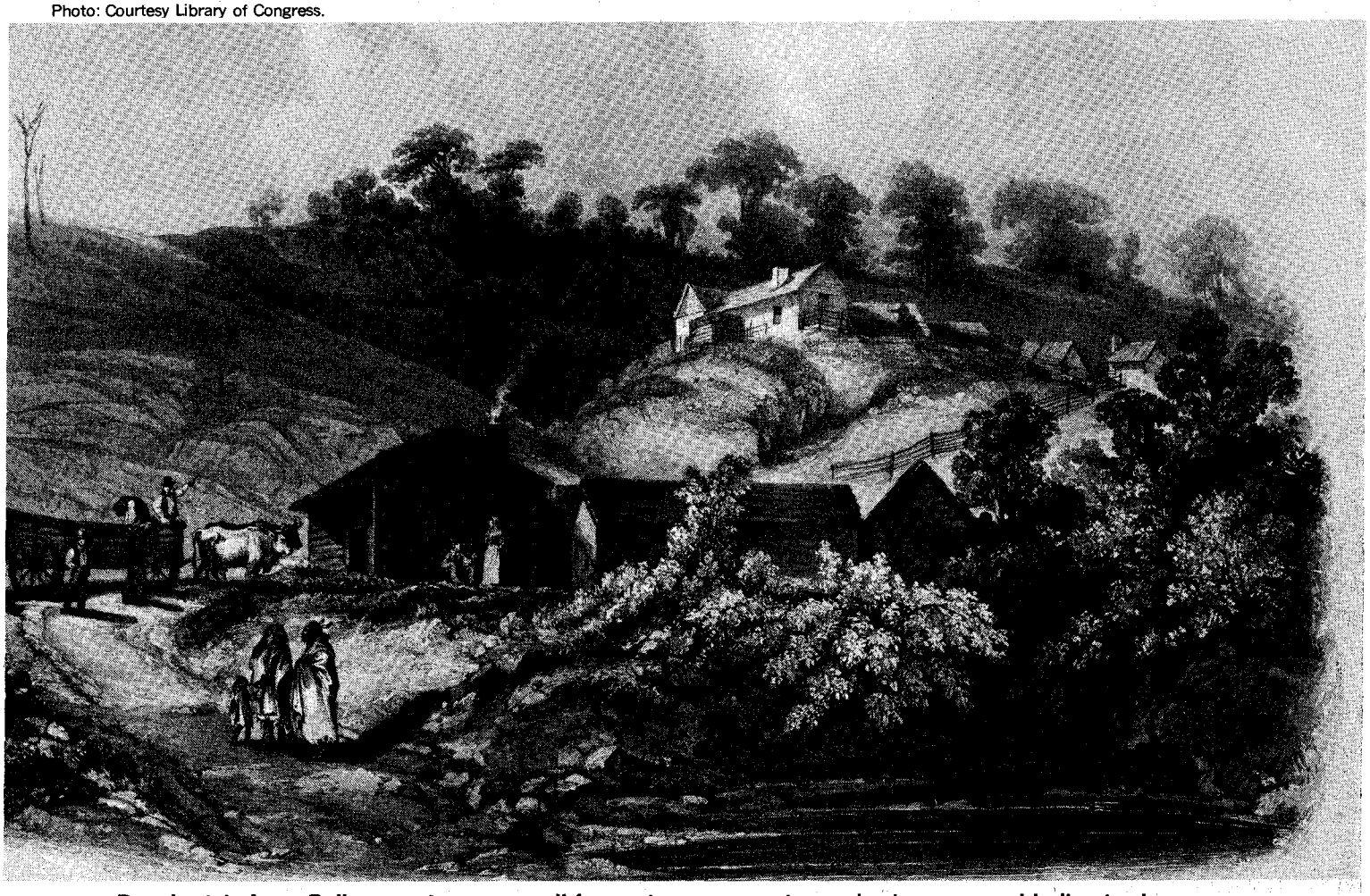
As soon as Smith had left the camp Rogers forgot everything he had been told about refusing admittance to the Indians. Not only were they shortly roaming the camp, but one of the warriors knocked down Harrison Rogers for attempting to force his sister, a comely young squaw, into a tent against her wishes . . .

Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress.



Dougherty's Agcy, Bellvue post; many small fur posts sprang up to service trappers and Indian traders.

year old partner in the fur trading firm of Smith, Jackson & Sublette. It was a small firm where each of the three men would lead fur expeditions into the unexploited fields of the West. Some years they would come back laden with furs and other times they barely made enough to pay off the free trappers in their employment.

On August 16, 1826 Jedediah Smith left the Cache Valley rendezvous near the Great Salt Lake where the annual summer meeting had been held. He planned to trap and trade along the rivers of the Southwest, an untouched region as far as he knew. His fur party consisted of 16 men besides his clerk and second-in-command, Harrison Rogers, and himself.

Barely had they left the Utah area when two men suddenly deserted the expedition. But the party continued their journey across the western plains. The next month was a total failure, with poor trading and barely enough game sighted to feed themselves. The starving and disillusioned band arrived at the Spanish Mission of San Gabriel in late November, under the watchful eye of the suspicious officials of California.

As soon as the men had recuperated enough to travel on, these officials pressured Smith into leaving. The party left California by moving through the north exit, doing some minor trading and trapping along the American River. They continued to trap the region through the harsh winter, and by spring of 1827 they were ready to head back for the Cache Valley rendezvous.

But they were stopped by late snows in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Thick, high drifts prevented the horses from going more than a mile before they were ready to drop from exhaustion and the bitter cold. Several tries were made along different routes but they all ended in the men being nearly frozen. Finally, realizing that his party could not endure much more, Smith returned to the warmer area of the Stanislaus River and left Harrison Rogers in charge of the camp.

Joyfully greeting the May thaws, Jedediah left the camp with Silas Gobel and Robert Evans, to try again to make the passes for the summer meeting. This time he succeeded, and reached the valley on July 3, 1827. Of the sixteen men who left only the three returned and that was for help. They did not bring furs or any other profits for the entire winter. But this was only the first of the many ways Jedediah Smith's unlucky streak was to manifest itself.

Ten days after arriving at the camp he left with a relief party of eighteen men to

(Continued on page 50)

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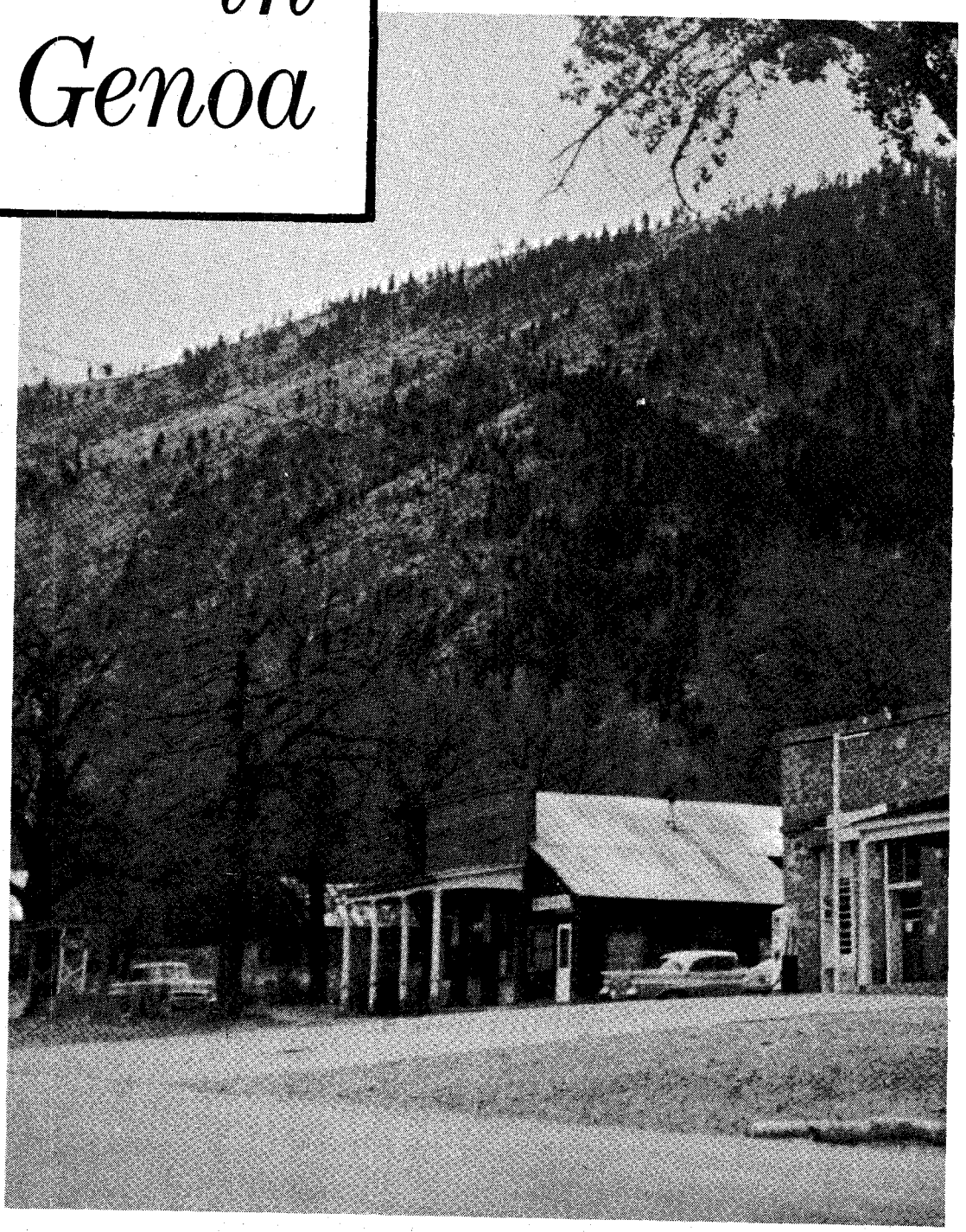
everything started in Genoa

by Major Jan

Author's Photos



View along the main street in Genoa, Nevada.

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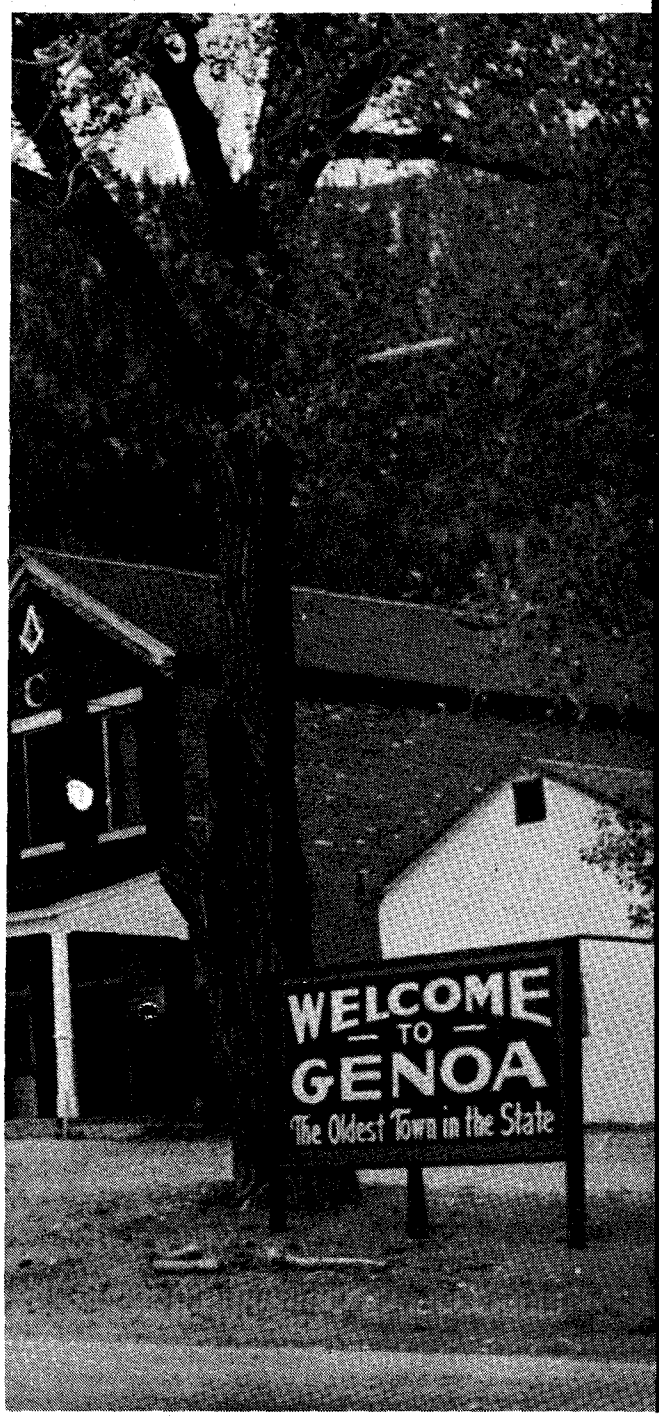
If it was rough and tough and all wrapped up in blood, you can be sure that it all started in Genoa, Nevada



"FIGHTING SAM" BROWN was a killer who frequently slaughtered just to see someone bleed. Sam killed one man, after a quarrel of no merit, by stabbing, and before his victim had fallen to the floor took his long blade and cut the heart from his fallen foe.

With such a reputation, Sam had terrorized the Comstock area for some time. And he looked the part. He was a pudding of a man, rough and coarse. And dirty. Sam sported long whiskers and hair, most of which he braided and tied under his chin, giving him an appearance which detracted little from his awesome reputation.

Hearing that a friend was in trouble down in Genoa, Sam decided that it was only right that he go down to the court, terrorize the members and get his fellow scoundrel released. Sam's opinion seemed to be right. When he walked into the makeshift court, spectators and witnesses alike scrambled to get out of his way. Some fled the room while others dove for places of safety beneath the rough wooden benches. Sam guffawed at the consternation he had caused, but his huge mouth snapped shut when he faced two Colt pistols held by Senator Bill Stewart, who had been assisting in prosecution of Sam's friend.

"Listen, Brown," Stewart said in a grim voice, "you have made the brag you were going to disrupt this court. Now I'll tell you that you'll give true witness and not cause any more fuss or I'll blow your fool brains out. If you have any."

Sam blustered and stuttered, but took the stand as directed by Stewart. He squirmed and hedged but before he stepped down, Stewart had made Sam admit that his friend was a worthless scamp and probably had committed the crime with which he was charged.

In a foot-stomping rage, Sam left the Genoa courthouse and mounted his horse to ride back to Virginia City. He was so enraged that he even took a wild shot at a person standing in the yard at Van Sickle's place.

While he wasn't any blusterer, Van Sickle was up to his armpits with hard cases like Fighting Sam. He tamped double charges of buckshot into his shotgun and rode after the red-haired killer. Van Sickle made no secret of his pursuit. Sam could have easily shot his pursuer down because of the shotgun's limited range. But Van Sickle rode up to Fighting Sam, called him a bloody killer, a liar and a scoundrel. Then, before Sam could draw, Van Sickle let loose with the shotgun charge. Sam slipped from his horse nearly cut in half from the force of the blast.

Genoa, Nevada, had always attracted a hardy breed of men. It had to. It was the first town in the Territory and was at first called Mormon Station, having been established by members of the disbanded Mormon Battalion who were making their way home to Utah from California. Their estimate of this peaceful valley, where cattle would grow fat and a trading station could be maintained for the people moving west, was correct. Though the massive Sierra

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Nevada mountains cast a dry shadow on most of Nevada, the Genoa area was lush, peaceful and protected. And the pioneers who settled there were rewarded by burgeoning trade as hundreds, then thousands, made their way toward California and gold. In addition to Van Sickle, there was John Reese, Hank Monk, Lucky Bill Thorington, "Snowshoe" Thompson, and many other hardy men whose records still dot the pages of history. And Genoa still exists today, a peaceful, somewhat somnolent town full of records and memories.

John Reese moved into the Genoa area, bought some land, and simply laid claim to acres for miles around. That was all right until Warren Wasson arrived from California and decided that Reese wasn't entitled to all the acreage he had claimed. It wasn't being used, so Wasson fenced in some land he wanted.

Trouble started and a youth named Trumbo fired several shots at Wasson. All missed. Wasson drew his gun and wounded Trumbo in the thigh. Trumbo staggered, then fell. Wasson ran to give him first aid. Even while he was trying to stop the flow of blood, young Trumbo waved an ancient pistol at Wasson, poked it in Wasson's face and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for Wasson, the pistol had been loaded with a light charge of bird shot and it did virtually no damage except to discolor Wasson's face.

Wasson was man enough not to continue the fight with the enraged youth, though he had every right to. He carried Trumbo to his wagon, then drove him home where he eventually recovered. Wasson's courage and conduct drew full public support and there was little "land hogging" after that. Settlers were willing to abide by the rules set by Wasson's courage.

LAND TITLES had some significance through much of Genoa's long history and once culminated in the famed Orson Hyde Curse. Because the area had originally been settled by Mormons, the Utah legislature claimed it as part of their territory. Orson Hyde was dispatched there as a presiding judge, and many Mormons followed him. Being naturally industrious and honest people, they organized a fine community until Brigham Young defied the United States Government, then had to recall all of his flock to protect the City of Saints (Salt Lake). Obediently they left their businesses and homes to return to Salt Lake City, practically depopulating the area. Hyde had amassed a mill, a ranch, home and other valuable property which he left behind. But he left a letter with leading residents demanding twenty thousand dollars to settle his affairs. Hyde's letter included the threat, if the bill went unpaid. ". . . the people will be visited with thunder, earthquake, flood and pestilence and famine until your names are not known amongst men."

No records indicate that Hyde's demand or his curse were heeded or fulfilled, as the area still stands unscathed.

But Genoa was visited with disaster on March 16, 1882 when thousands of tons of snow broke loose and poured onto the town through Water Canyon, like a gigantic horn of plenty. Rocks, trees, brush, snow and ice thundered down, crushing houses, barns and people as it moved. A family of six were overcome by the avalanche and they were all found dead in their beds. Another house was hit and cleaved in two. The husband and wife were killed in bed, but their guests only injured. There were many others killed and injured, and one freak accident occurred when one house was swept ahead of the avalanche. At daybreak when it finally stopped, rescuers found a horse standing nervous but unscratched on the roof, about fourteen feet above street level. No one was ever quite sure just how he got there, but it took three hours to get him down.

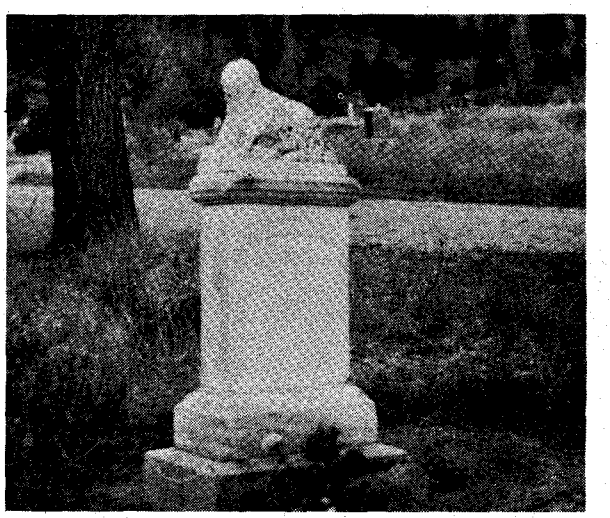
It was weeks before bodies and wreckage were cleared away, but Genoa survived and resumed its place in the history of the West.

Genoa was marked for a place in history with the residency of "Snowshoe" Thompson, who lies buried in the Genoa graveyard. A pair of skis, carved in granite, mark the last resting place of this fabled man.

Despite his colorful nickname, Thompson probably never saw a snowshoe in his life but gained his curious name through his service as a one-man mail delivery service between Nevada and California for more than twelve years.

Though his prodigious feats on skis will remain as one of the outstanding examples of pioneer spirit, Thompson was remembered by many persons for another virtue—that being his strict adherence to the truth. Little wonder, then, that

The old school house, now an art museum.



Grave of pioneer child, 1881, in Genoa, Nevada.

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Snowshoe's Lost Mine created more consternation in the 1870 and '80s than the Breyfogle, the Gunsight, and the Peg Leg all put together!

Snowshoe Thompson knew every foot of ground between his home at the base of the eastern side of the Sierras up over the tumbled mass of rock mountains to Placerville, California. He had reason to know it because he carried the mail for years through howling blizzards, sometimes at night with only his intimate knowledge of the country to bring him safely to his destination.

Many were the times during the years before his death when he brought back tremendously rich specimens of rock to his Diamond Valley home after a trip through the mountains. The chunks of quartz were heavily flecked with gold, and Snowshoe often remarked to his wife that he would work the mine when his other work was over; but death overtook him before his daily duties came to an end.

On his deathbed, Snowshoe said he could see the outcroppings of his mine from his bedroom window. Samples of the ore were in his home to prove that his story was more than a myth, and for years after his death the countryside was combed without success.

Every square foot of ground between Horseshoe Canyon and Hawkins Peak was thoroughly covered by prospectors and friends eager to find Snowshoe's Lost Mine; but today the fabulous find remains one of those secrets which have caused hundreds to risk limb and fortune in hopes of locating untold wealth. Snowshoe's Lost Mine is still waiting somewhere in the Sierras to make some prospector wealthy and independent.

Cruelly ironic is the fact that Snowshoe Thompson was never paid a thin dime for his twelve years of carrying government mail—a job which he faithfully discharged even though he had a fortune at his command whenever he chose to dig it!

THERE IS treasure of quite another sort in Genoa. One that is still sought, even to this day.

With so much gold moving about in the boom days, by 1860 the "stand and deliver" men had become quite adept in sharing this wealth. Shippers resorted to all sorts of devices to safeguard their treasure, but the highwaymen were equal to the challenge. One shipper had boiler iron boxes built into the stages, and another hid rattlesnakes in his treasure boxes, or coin was wrapped to appear as groceries, or perhaps whisky.

It was this method of concealment that a shipper used one day in June of 1860 to send coin to meet the payrolls in some of the mines of the Comstock. As the stage rattled over the mountain road between Placerville and Genoa, its way was suddenly blocked by two men standing in the road with drawn guns. With an air of assurance they immediately asked for a small keg being carried on board. The robbers got some of the men to heft it to the road, then the stage was signalled to go on. The highwaymen rolled the cask down the slope. It contained twenty thousand dollars in gold.

The alarm was sounded as soon as the stage made Genoa, and a posse formed. Despite the best trackers, investigations by sheriffs and stage company detectives, not one coin was ever recovered. The huge loss was eventually forgotten and searches ended. There were other, bigger robberies and more gold to be dug.

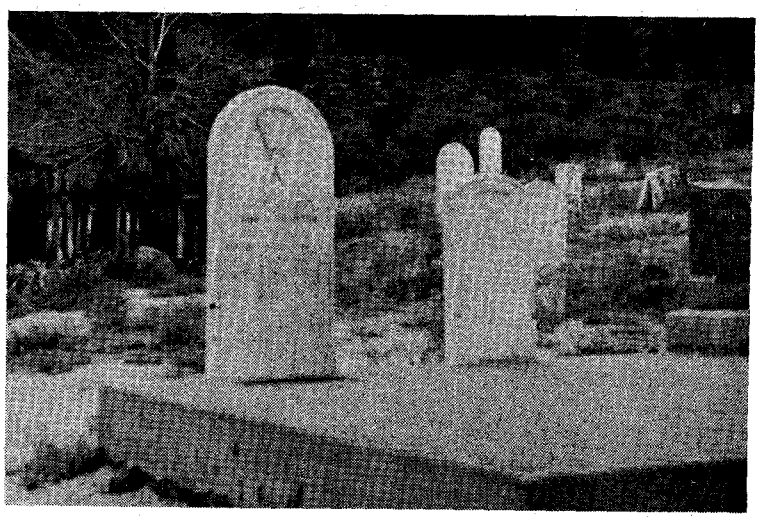
But one man hadn't forgotten. It was in 1880, almost 20 years to the day of the robbery that a "hard-case" was shot in a card game. He lingered for a bit, muttering and wanting to get something off his conscience. He asked a couple of friends to lean close.

The dying man said that he had been one of the two stage coach robbers who had made the twenty-thousand-dollar heist on the Genoa-bound stage. He gasped out that they had taken only two thousand of the loot, then later buried the remainder, eighteen thousand, in Genoa at the base of a prominent pine tree. They had never gone back to claim the treasure, and so far as he knew it was, and is, still there. Details were sketchy from a hazy, failing memory, but a search was on.

Because of normal erosion, avalanches and other reasons, the landscape, including many trees, had been cut down or altered so that no one could locate the exact spot. But the searchers doggedly dug at the foot of nearly every tree.

There has never been reason to refute the dying man's confession and most historians agree that a fortune awaits the lucky finder. All anyone has *(Continued on page 45)*

Old Mormon station, long before Nevada was a state.



"Snowshoe" Thompson's grave in Genoa, Nevada.

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THE GREAT WESTERN—

A gargantuan individual with a heart to match, she loved the army, soldiers—General Zack Taylor in particular—and just people in general; when the fighting erupted this brave, selfless woman begged to be allowed to take up arms!

by Louise Cheney

THE SOLDIERS ALONG the Texas-Mexican border called the statuesque, green-eyed woman "Great Western" from the year 1846 until her death twenty years later. Now, that was certainly an odd name for a female, and it is true that unless one was personally acquainted with the lady he would have been justified in believing her to be a fictitious character. But she was well known in her time—all of Texas and most of Mexico knew her!

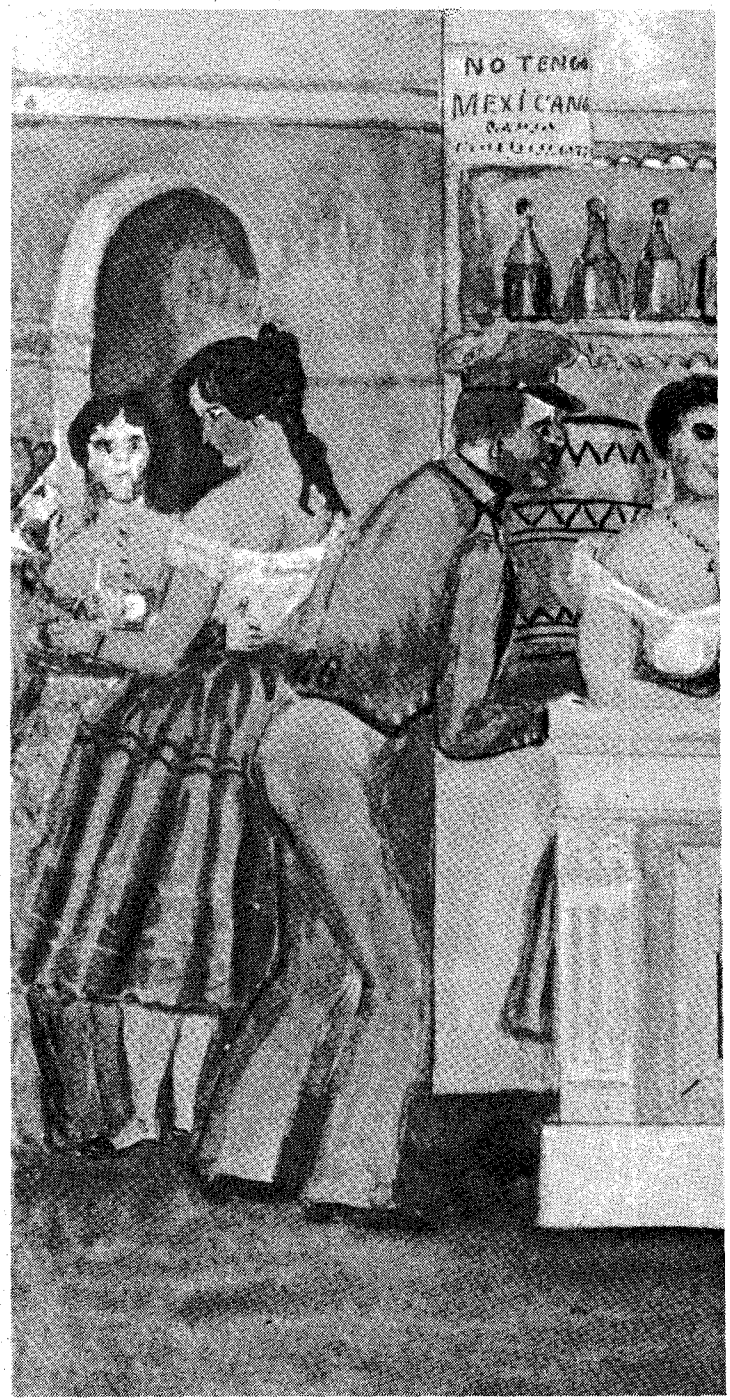
General Zackery Taylor, commander-in-chief of the U.S. Army in the Mexican War (1846-48), counted her as one of his most valuable soldiers. The men of the 7th Infantry where she served as a laundress loved and admired her. The stampeding forty-niners rushing through El Paso enroute to the El Dorado of the Pacific paused long enough to set their muddy boots under her bountiful table in the border city. In time the far West knew and loved her, too. Beyond a doubt the Great Western was an unusual woman—but not a character of fiction.

The conflict in which she fought, the Mexican War, is well documented as to cause and effect, and the bloody battles that took place but are now slightly obscured by the mists of history encompassed the story of the Great Western and the colorful part she played in that war. Only thumbnail sketches scattered here and there through the pages of history record the part played by this amazing woman who sweated out the entire campaign of 1846-1848.

She was of epic size, a veritable Amazon of a woman over six feet tall and proportioned accordingly. She was possessed of the heart of a mountain lion with courage to spare. Fiercely loyal to her commander, General Taylor, she was a formidable virago in battle and yet she manifested all the tenderness and compassion of a madonna toward the sick and wounded soldiers.

It was not until 1956, some one hundred and eleven years after the war in which she so valiantly fought, that she was actually identified. Even her name had been lost with the passing of the years. In that year Life Magazine published a story called, simply, "My Confession," by Samuel Chamberlain. The tale, a lusty saga of the life of a young soldier (Chamberlain) in the Mexican War, definitely established that the Great Western was a woman, Mrs. Sarah Borginnis, and not a fast train or a stagecoach.

In 1955, a very fine historian, Edward A. Wallace, wrote a book called *The Great Reconnaisance,* which dealt with the scouts and pioneers who carried the banners of civilization through the Southwest. In this volume five pages are devoted to the woman known as the Great Western. In later research,



The Great Western was a hospitable soul; here she

after publication of this book, historian Wallace learned that Mrs. Borginnis was born in Clay County, Missouri in 1812.

When or why she came to Texas is still shrouded in mystery, but she was very much in evidence in Corpus Christi in 1845 when the 7th Infantry was encamped there in the early winter of that year. General Zackery Taylor was on hand also, whipping the army into shape for a march to Mexico. Every day additional troops arrived from the north to augment the 7th for the anticipated campaign south of the Texas border.

It is known that Mrs. Borginnis came to Corpus Christi as

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FEMALE WARRIOR

is depicted at the bar of her saloon in Yuma—a far cry from the blood, sweat and bullets of army life.

the wife of a soldier. She was mustered into the army as a laundress, a type of employment certain enlisted men's wives were permitted who wished to accompany their soldier husbands into the field.

It was on a sunny winter morning that certain members of the 7th learned that Mrs. Borginnis was not a woman to take disrespect lying down. Some of the men were loafing in the sun when an Amazon-like female materialized, striding toward them. They gazed in awe at her gigantic size and one facetious character ventured a wolf whistle. The huge female whirled with the agility of an adagio dancer, and with a display of unbelievable strength, hoisted the offender with one hand as easily as if he were a sack of popcorn and lifted him against the wall of a barracks building. Her green eyes sparkled with wrath as she gazed into his startled, open-mouthed face. At length he managed to gasp out an apology.

"Honest, Ma-am, I didn't mean no harm. I'll never whistle at you again. I promise!"

Not a muscle in the woman's face *(Continued on page 56)*

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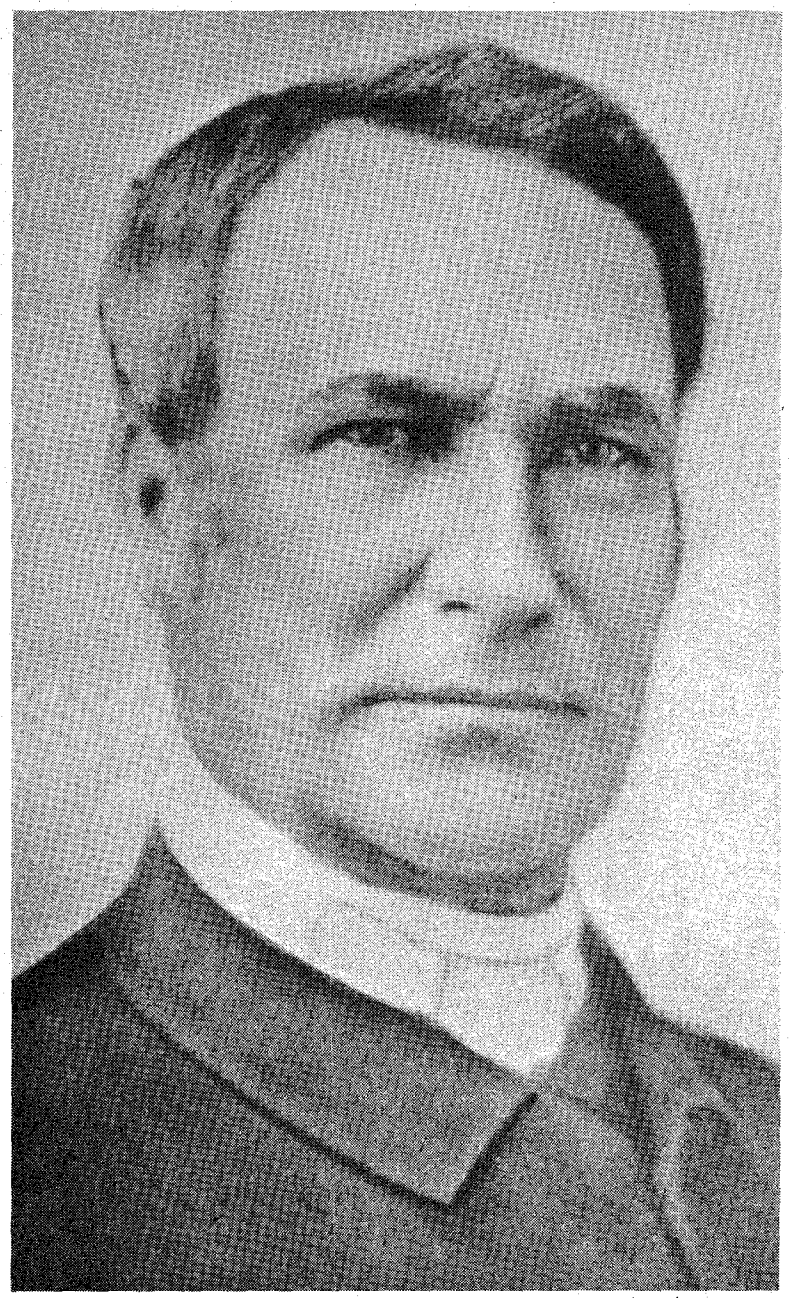
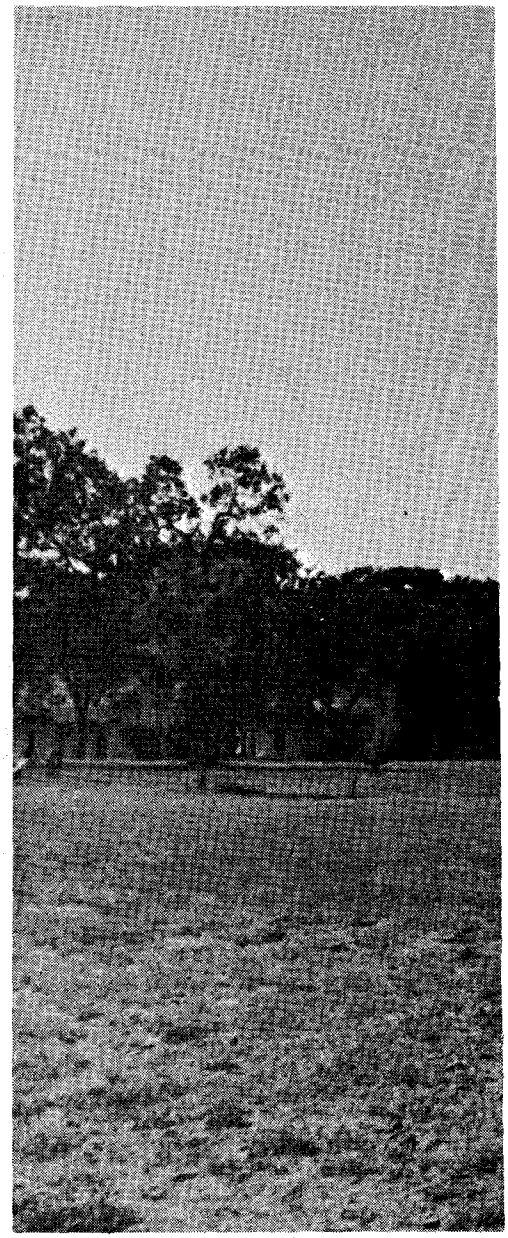
James H. Wilbur— INDIAN AGENT

by Roscoe Sheller

Author's Photos.



James H. Wilbur—missionary, minister and Indian Agent.



Fort Simcoe, looking across parade

MANY WHO knew him best, searching for an adequate term to best express the ultimate in every phase of human perfection, strongly asserted that "Father" Wilbur was *all man.* Both whites and Indians saw him as the giant he was, not only in his huge — 300 pounds of bone and muscle — frame but in every facet of his forceful being. Each talented part of him, physical and mental, joined in perfect harmony, unity and balance to create that ideal leader of his era to which Fate assigned him.

His personality and deeds inspired and merited confidence and trust and, bit by bit, the earned love of the vastly different kinds and types of people in the West of the 1850's to 1870's, and beyond. He produced a degree of mutual understanding between two races of people, previously not attained.

Rev. James Harvey Wilbur was the only Indian Agent of his day not appointed

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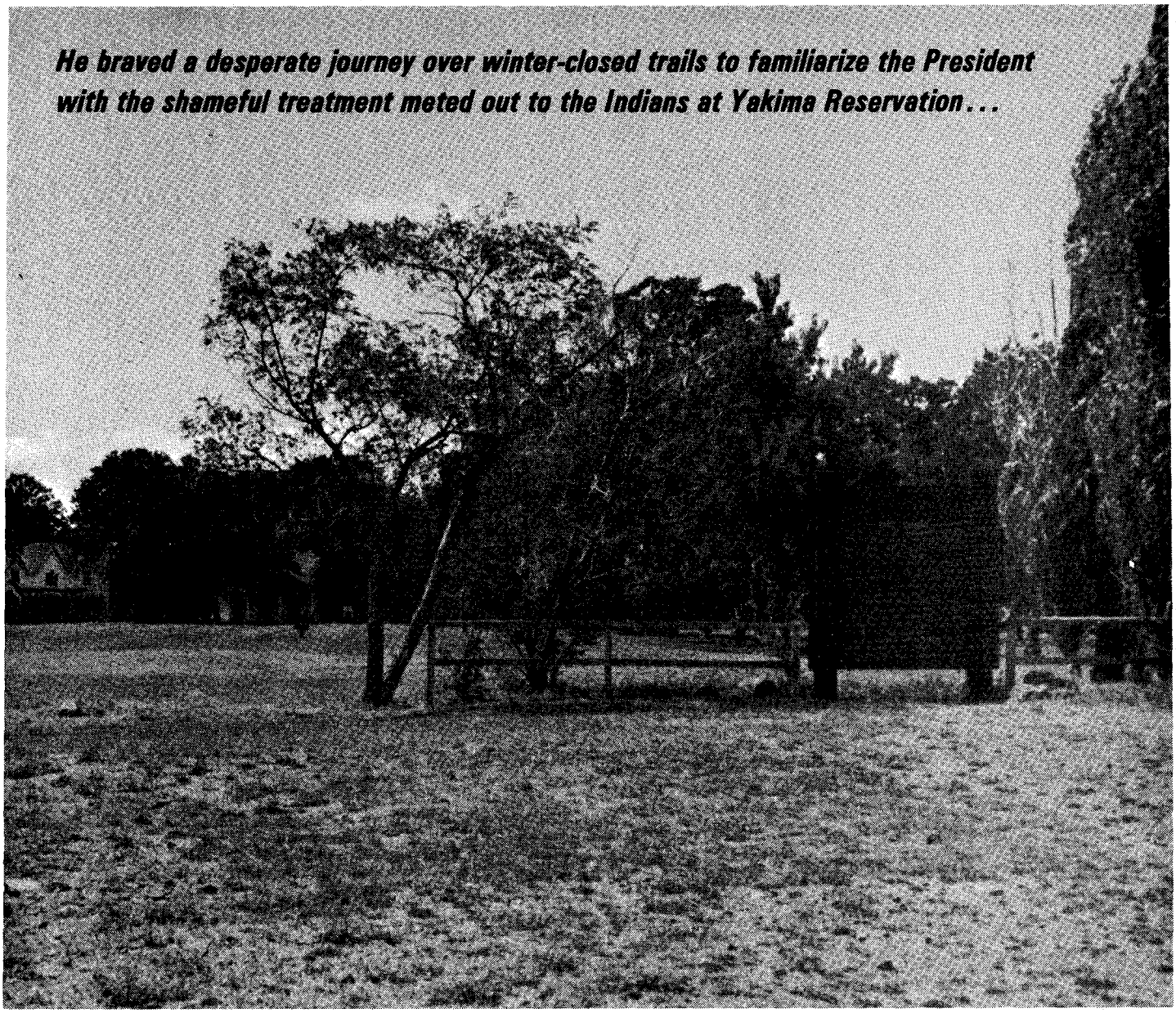
He braved a desperate journey over winter-closed trails to familiarize the President with the shameful treatment meted out to the Indians at Yakima Reservation . . .



ground to Officers' Row; Commandant's House, 3rd from left; the Fort is now State Park, visited by thousands.

from the military forces, the only Agent to make his station self-supporting, and the one who made and held the longest tenure-in-office record. It lasted two decades, and was happily served at Fort Simcoe in central Washington Territory, ending in 1882.

His unshakable integrity, his fair and just administration, his strict maintenance of discipline and his demonstrated sincere love for those coming under his influence — red or white, without favor — earned him the name "Father."

The name came spontaneously and as naturally as breathing. No other word could as well describe the relationships of this great man with the Indians he had come to teach, protect and lead. The white man who watched the miracle or who was affected by Wilbur's acts, recognized the fatherly traits in his just discipline and love, and approved of the name "Father." It became an integral part of the man, and a century later the appellation lives as brightly as at any time during his career.

The Nation was young, in the second year of the tenure of President, James Madison when James Harvey Wilbur was born in New York on September 11, 1811. He was not yet twenty when he married Lucretia Ann Stephens. James entered the ministry in 1842 and became a Methodist Circuit Rider in New York.

The Oregon Mission was in need of a Circuit Rider of Wilbur's brawn, stamina and drive, qualities which had caused a stir in the east, to cope with hostile Indians, outlaw gunmen, and the new West's stubborn resistance to encroachment.

Wilbur was 35 when he and his wife boarded a sailing vessel in New York in September 1846. The next nine months passed sailing south to and around the tip of South America into the Pacific, and then northward to the Columbia River's mouth, across its bar, and up-stream a hundred miles to the Willamette's mouth and the tiny group of huts that was Portland, Oregon Territory.

All progress was dependent upon the whims of fickle breezes or violent storms, and it was June, 1847, when the Wilburs landed. James was eager to exert his boundless energy spreading his Methodism wherever along Indian trails in the vast wilderness he could find ears to listen. He'd find them wherever they were, and the white settlements, too. They'd all listen to him; if not by kindly invitation, then by whatever means he found it necessary to employ.

Wilbur stood six feet, four inches tall. His hard muscles tolerated no fat. He maneuvered his great bulk with the grace of a fawn. Whether he stood, walked with his long-legged strides, or straddled his mule, his body was ramrod erect and indicated the man's character and determined personality before he could utter a word.

His shoulders, steel-muscled and fluid-

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flexible, warned of explosive power instantly available whenever released, but under perfect control. The muscular arms were an uninterrupted extention of his shoulders, ending in ham-sized fists. A potential enemy's glance at this man was usually enough to dispel any belligerant ideas he might harbor, but when Wilbur first put in his appearance, a few inquisitive—and unwise—bullies challenged his ability, or a "preacher's" right to use the power with which he was endowed. The number of doubters grew rapidly less as Wilbur's reputation spread.

A bull-neck supported his large, high-browed and well proportioned head. The heavy shock of dark hair grew thickly on the noble head, which, with a pair of "hedge-row" brows to match, roofed a pair of kindly, wide-set eyes.

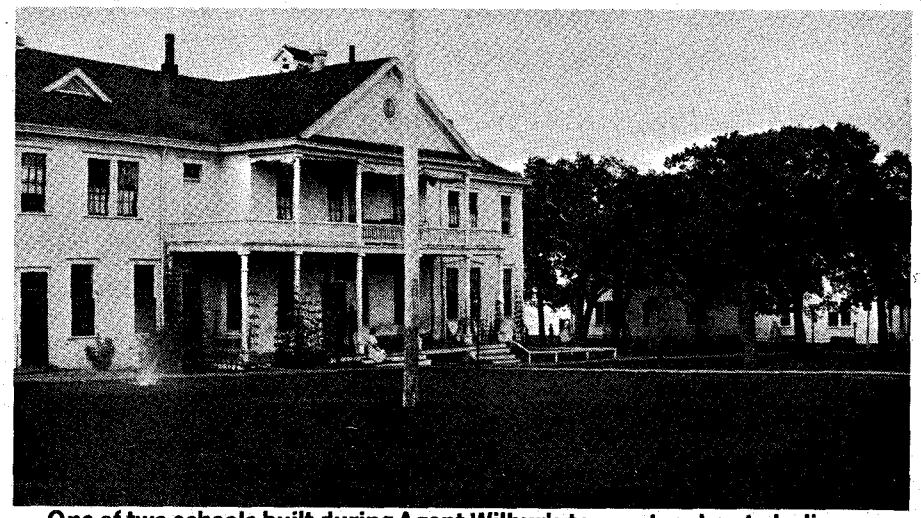
These level eyes reflected compassion, understanding and friendliness, while at the same time they bored into a man's soul, whether his skin was red or white, and read his innermost thoughts. They also flashed a warning that his strait-laced Methodism tolerated no trifling but would be administered with the strict discipline expressed by his philosophy. They also carried a promise of justice that inspired trust and confidence, especially among Indians, who were masters at reading character.

Indian cayuses available were small and not designed to carry weight such as Wilbur's at speeds his driving spirit demanded. Fortunately, he found a mule of a size, strength and disposition to respond to his demands. Together they criss-crossed those parts of the vast Oregon Territory that time allowed, visiting whites and Indians without discrimination, lending help, making friends, extending sympathy, giving wise counsel and spreading his brand of Methodism. He preached to groups large and small with the deep fervence of his convictions that Christianity and Methodism were identical, and with no tolerance for a variance of opinion.

He carried no gun. He contended that guns incited more trouble than they ever settled. Any differences that he couldn't settle with words or reason were assigned to his high-powered fists, should animal or outlaw be so foolish as to carry an argument that far.

Reverend Wilbur didn't get over into the land of the Yakimas until after the famous treaty of 1855 had been signed with first territorial Governor of Washington, Isaac I. Stevens, and the Indian war it incited had left the Yakimas a defeated and frustrated people.

The remnants of the once strong, proud Nation were confused, wretched and leaderless, their Chief Kamiakin having abandoned his people. The Chief had departed in bitter disgust at the treatment accorded his tribe by "forked-tongued encroachers" as he termed all whites. They were thus left leaderless and powerless to further



One of two schools built during Agent Wilbur's tenure to educate Indians.

Commandant's Quarters at Fort Simcoe on the Yakima Indian Reservation.

defend the land that had been theirs for as long as they reckoned time.

The Yakimas could see no alternative but to submit to the white man's rule no matter how distasteful it was to be confined to a small part of what had been their land and bow to the orders of whites in whom they had no confidence.

Wilbur, reading the misery and hopelessness in their eyes that words could not express, talked to them as a father to frustrated, disappointed and saddened children. His great heart went out to them as he determined to devote himself to their betterment.

He told them of the Christian life and of the peace of mind and happiness the acceptance of, and obedience to God's laws, would bring to them. The Indians found in Wilbur a new kind of white man; one in whom they could unreservedly place their trust.

He stayed with them as long as he could, but he had labors in many far-flung places, although in time he might arrange to be with them permanently. For the present he was a Methodist Circuit Rider and must discharge his obligations as such.

Military authorities became aware that to maintain control of Central Washington Territory a headquarters base must be established at some central location in the Valleys of the Yakima and in 1856, Colonel George Wright selected the site. He settled on the 200-acre oak grove near the base of the Simcoe mountain range that the Yakimas called "Mool-Mool," their word for "many springs" that bubbled from many points in the rich-grassed grove where Indian trails crossed, and the site of Indian Counsels for years beyond count.

Major Robert S. Garnett, President Zachery Taylor's former aide, was assigned the task of building Fort Simcoe, with the idea in mind that when need for the depot as a base of supplies and head-

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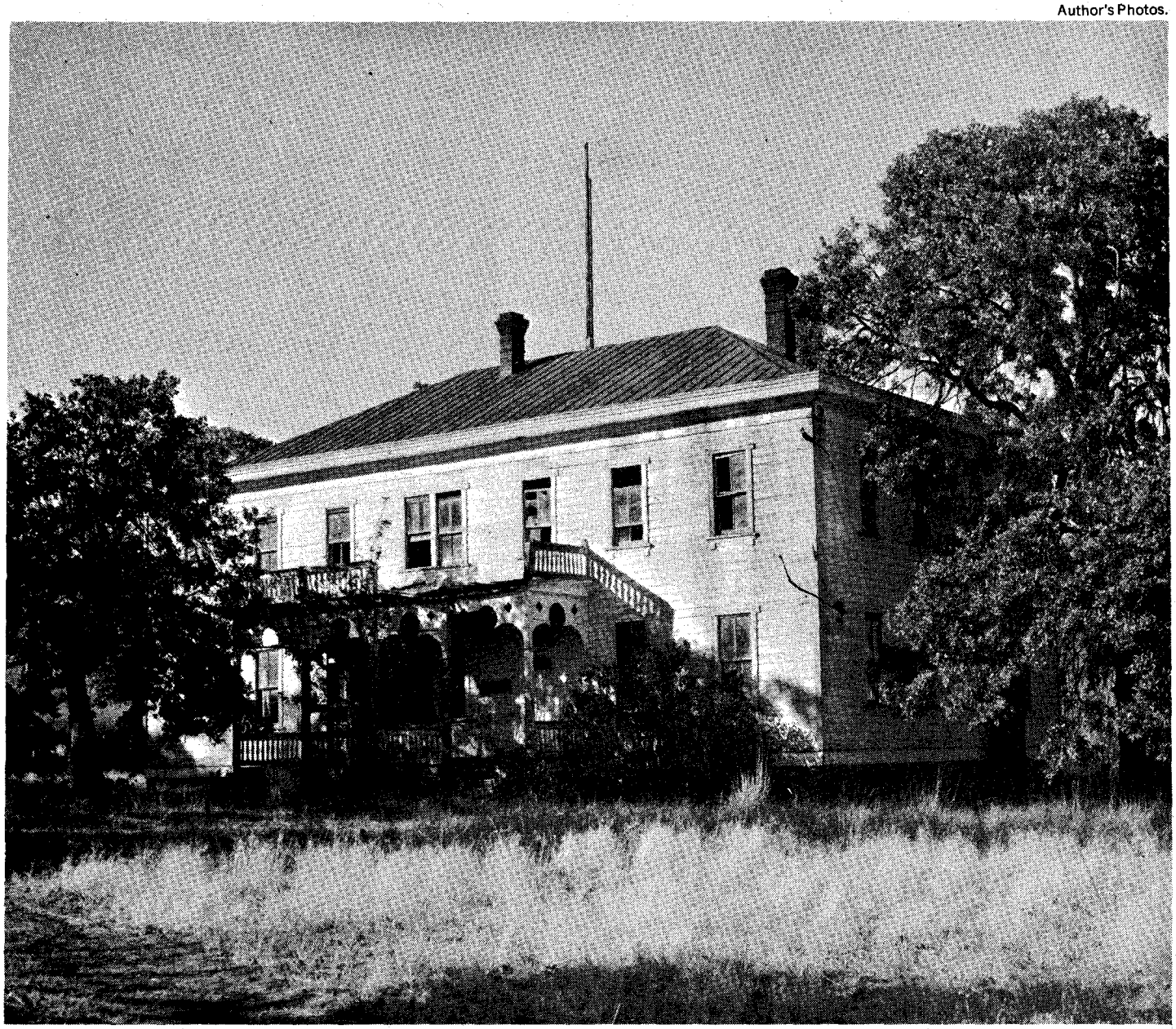
Author's Photos.



Second of two schools erected for Indian pupils at Fort Simcoe; both of the schools were razed.

quarters for the troops had ended, Fort Simcoe would become an Indian Agency. The military thus turned the place over to Agency officials and left in 1859, and the Reverend Wilbur increased his efforts to be assigned to the Agency in any capacity that would place him among the Yakimas, where he wanted to apply himself in serving Indian welfare.

R. H. Lonsdale, in 1860, became the first Indian Agent placed in charge of Fort Simcoe. Not too long after his appointment, charges were filed against him. Upon investigation, affairs were found to be in bad shape and Lonsdale was relieved of his duties— some reports claim forcibly— and A. A. Bancroft was appointed to replace him.

Bancroft took office in 1861. Reportedly, the Indians began to complain their annuities shrank rapidly, and by the second year of Bancroft's administration were too insignificant to bother to pick up. He was accused of "keeping the greater part of the things sent them (Indians) by the government."

Reverend James Wilbur was finally heard, and was afforded a chance to go to Fort Simcoe. His appointment was for Superintendent of the Fort Simcoe Schools, which would give him the very opportunity he had wanted from the time he first learned of the Yakima people's plight. He would be in the best position imaginable to teach them and make friends with them, and incidentally to promote his Methodism. There he could further his constantly preached doctrine that the "plow and the Bible must go hand-in-hand."

He gained the full confidence of the Indians, who brought their woes and complaints against the Agent to him. They were already calling him "Father" because of his loving, parental interest in their welfare. They asked him to intercede for them in getting their treaty-guaranteed rights reinstated. Father Wilbur assured them that he would do all possible to correct injustices. Being without authority, his only hope was that of an appeal to the Agent's honesty and responsibility as a representative of the United States to act in accordance with honor and justice.

Wilbur exerted his greatest effort in attempting to appeal to Agent Bancroft's duty in discharging his mission, but it was not enough. As a 'reward' for his attempt to secure justice and honest treatment for the Indians, Father Wilbur was discharged and ordered off the Reservation. He offered to stay on— without any pay if need be— to teach his pupils and help them change over to the new way of life, as they inevitably must, but was told to leave at once, more forcefully than before.

Since Bancroft was in authority, Wilbur had no alternative but to take his wife Lucretia, who had been helping with the teaching to a considerable extent, and trail the 65 miles across the Simcoe mountains

(Continued on page 43)

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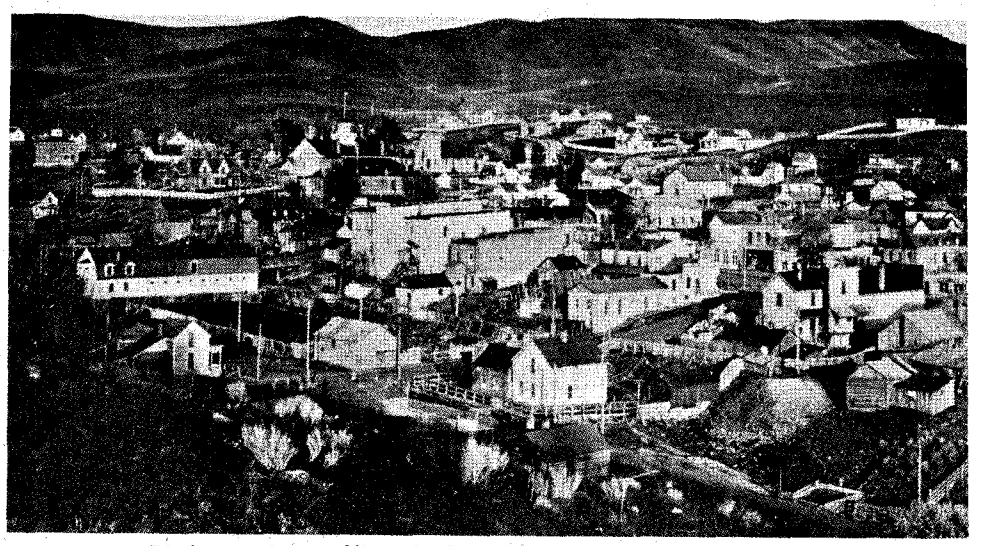
Photo: Montana Hist. Soc., Helena

John X. Beidler was for law and order.

X. Beidler—



Birdseye view of Virginia City, Montana, about 1900.

When X was a small boy he was sent on an errand which kept him out well after dark. "Weren't you afraid?" someone asked him. "What is 'afraid'?" the little boy returned. And that was typical of him, including the time he was left for dead on the battlefield near Ossawatomie—but stubbornly refused to die!

by Grayce R. Webb

THERE ISN'T ONE MAN in a thousand who could face a bunch of real toughs the way X. did and be able to walk away without a scratch. For downright, cold nerve he beat anyone I ever knew—and I knew some brave ones."

That was Jim Webb speaking, and he was telling about John Xavier Beidler, generally known as X. "Long before his years made the adjective appropriate he was also called "Old X."

"And the funny thing was," Jim went on, "he didn't give the impression of being that sort of a chap at all. I worked with him, ate with him, bunked with him for quite awhile, a good man to be with, but for the most part not much different from a lot of others I met back in the seventies. At first I used to wonder about those stories I'd heard about X. *He wasn't much of a hand to talk about what he had done."*

The Ft. Keogh Museum building is an officers' quarters, built, in 1877, to house families of two officers stationed there.

Jim was right about Beidler. To have seen the man in a crowd you wouldn't have picked him out to be any great hero. He wasn't handsome, being rather short with heavy shoulders, a round face and a drooping mustache. He wasn't dashing, nor was he the silent, aloof type often associated with courage. He was friendly, enjoyed a joke, and didn't mind if it was on him, although he had a way of turning one to his advantage. He had such a supply of humorous stories, which he told exceptionally well, that he earned the nickname of "The Mark Twain of the Rockies."

On June 8, 1863, when X. Beidler, on a fine gray horse and leading a mare and pack mule, rode into the brand new gold camp of Alder Gulch, (later Virginia City) Montana, he was just one of thousands of young men who had gotten word of the strike and had kicked up the dust of many

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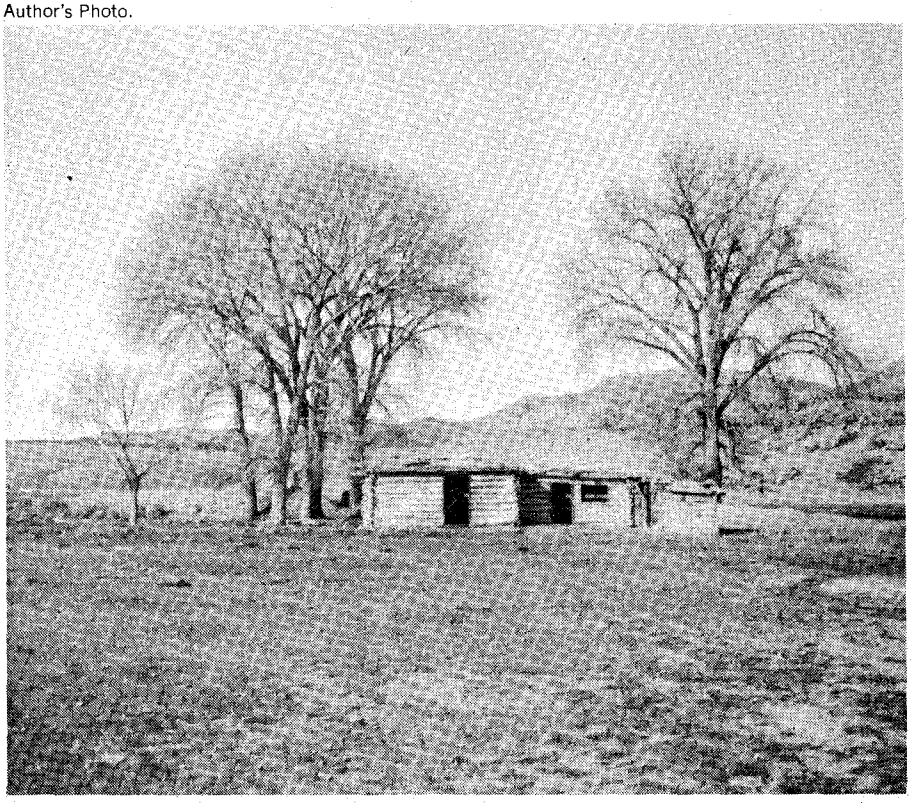
MAN WITHOUT FEAR

Author's Photo.



Sod-roofed house near the road over which Jim Webb and X. Beidler travelled near Three Forks, Montana.

a mile to get in on their share of the yellow metal discovered only thirteen days before along the banks of Alder Creeks.

If there had been any law and anyone to enforce it, X. Beidler would be no more remembered today than any of those thousands who came and went and left no mark on the pages of Montana history. But the country was new and raw, and there was no law other than that of the gun, the knife and the brass knucks.

Alder Gulch was not Montana's first gold strike, although it was the richest and the most widely known. Gold had been discovered on Benetsee Creek (later Gold Creek) several years earlier and at Bannack, seventy miles northwest of Alder Gulch only months before.

As in all such strikes, those with a consuming desire for gold but with no desire to dig for it had come as fast as legs and horses could bring them. No sooner had the honest miners filled their pokes with gold dust than they were relieved of their quick but hard-earned wealth by bandits. Many, who perhaps put up resistance, just disappeared and were never seen or heard of again, while others were found with bullet or knife wounds, or the marks of the "knucks" on their dead bodies.

The need for a sheriff was clearly seen and Henry Plummer, a handsome young man with a charming personality, had no trouble in getting himself elected to the office. He appointed a number of deputies and under the pretext of administering law and justice, organized the most notorious gang of outlaws known in early Montana. Members of this organization came to be known as the "Innocents," because when one was caught and charged with a crime he proclaimed loudly, "I am innocent." This was the signal for fellow outlaws to come to his rescue.

As soon as the big strike in Alder Gulch was made, Plummer's minions arrived, his deputies being the sole representatives of law. Plummer maintained his home in Bannack, where he was highly respected, but often visited the new camp. Such was the situation when X. Beidler staked out a claim above the infant town and went to work there.

Beidler was born and reared in Mount Joy, Pennsylvania. There he learned the useful but unexciting trades of brick making, shoemaking and broom making. His friend, Colonel A. K. McClure, who knew him in his youth, said of him, "Whatever X. undertook to do, he did a thorough job of it. It was probably McClure who told this story of Beidler's childhood that was typical of him.

Jim heard the story like this: When X. was a small boy he was sent on an errand which kept him out alone well after dark. When he returned someone asked, "Weren't you afraid?"

"What is 'afraid'?" X. questioned.

In 1856 young Beidler left his home state for Kansas where he became involved in the "Border trouble," and fought with John Brown. He was wounded and left for dead on the battlefield near Ossawatomie. But stubbornly X. refused to die. He recovered except for a slight limp, which he ignored and which others soon forgot to notice. When he was well, he went to Colorado, where he ran a mule supply train during the gold rush to Garrison County. From there he came to Alder Gulch, and by then he had rubbed shirt sleeves of all makes, and could pretty well size up the men who wore them.

Life long friends of Beidler's said he was strictly honest, generous and never

(Continued on page 51)

Author's Photo.

Jim Webb, who reminisced with author about his friend X.

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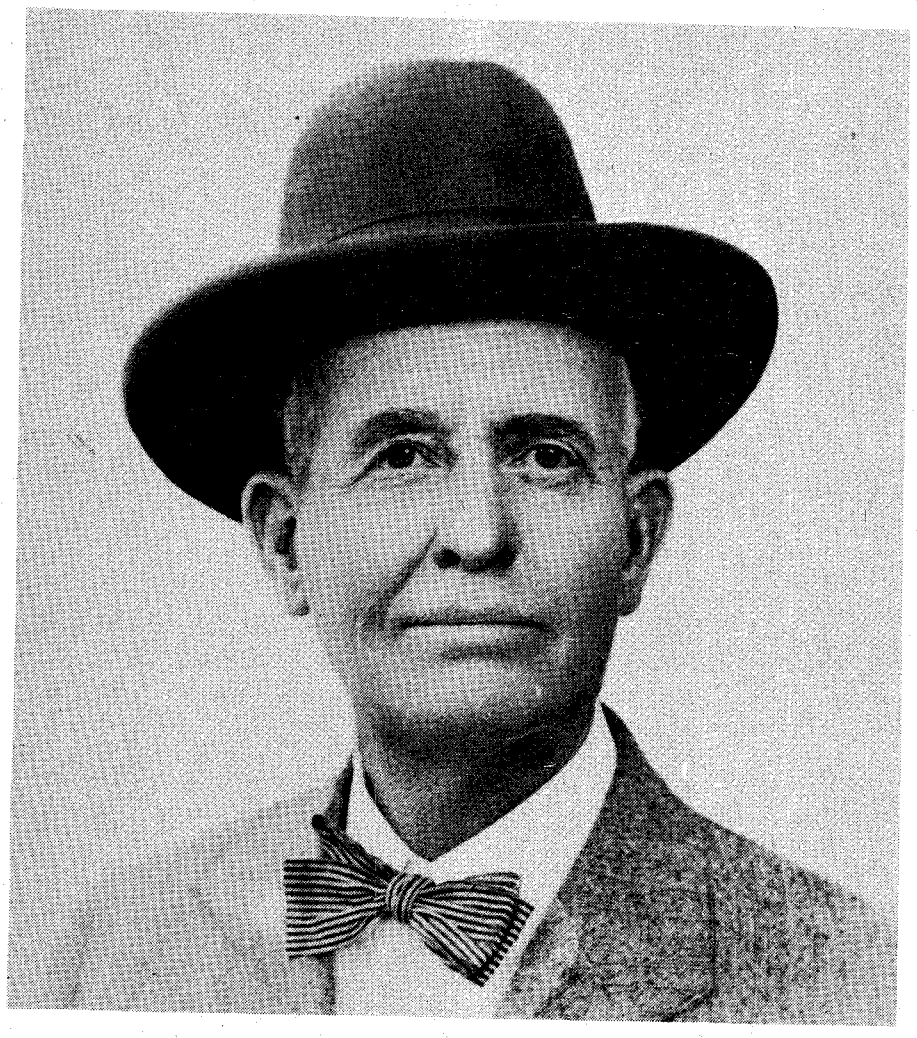

RANGER JIM GILLETT— TEXAS' TOWN TAMER

By WAYNE T. WALKER

JAMES BUCHANAN GILLETT had a gutty determination that made him one of the more successful of the west Texas lawmen.

He was born in Austin, Texas, on the 4th of November 1856, his father being the adjutant general of Texas. Later, during the governorship of General Sam Houston, his father was quartermaster of a Texas Ranger battalion.

As a youth Jim Gillett punched cattle in various frontier counties, rubbing shoulders with bad men and fighting Indians in their raids upon herds of cattle he happened to be working. Then, in 1875, Captain Dan W. Roberts, commander of Company D of the Texas Rangers, announced in Menardville that he would be enlisting 20 qualified men.

Longing to join their free and adventuresome life, Gillett decided to be one of those 20 recruits. On June 1, 1875, James B. Gillett was sworn into the Rangers by Commander Roberts, beginning an exciting, but dangerous new career for himself.

It was a bad time on the frontier with the fierce Comanches, Kiowas and Mescalero Apaches raising plenty of hell. During one skirmish with the feathered Comanche warriors, Gillett spotted a 15-16-year-old white boy with long, bright red hair. However, by the end of the battle, the boy had disappeared.

At the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association meeting at San Antonio, Texas, in 1924, Gillett would meet F.H. Lehman and discover he was the mysterious white boy. He had been captured and raised by the Comanches.

By the end of 1876 the Indian problem had been brought under control in west Texas and there was very little trouble erupting between the Rangers and the Plains Indians during 1877.

In Bandera County, Gillett worked with Captain Neal Coldwell, John Parker and Hawk Roberts. In one week's time, the quartet of Rangers captured 12 wanted men, almost filling the small calaboose at Bandera.

About the first of August, 1877, Major John B. Jones authorized Lieutenant N.O. "Mage" Reynolds

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to pick out the best men of the two companies of C and D to form his own Company E. When he had made up his list from the two companies, Reynolds went to Major Jones and told him: "Sir, there is a Ranger down on the Rio Grande in Captain Coldwell's company that I want.

The small-statured Jones asked, "Who is it?"

"Private Jim Gillett."

"All right," agreed Major Jones, "you shall have him. I will send Captain Coldwell an order immediately to have Gillett report to you here."

On September 1st, 1977, Jim Gillett became a member of the most formidable body of men in the Texas Rangers, at that time. He was the lightest man in the entire company, only 5-9, and weighed 140 pounds. Most of the men were at least six feet and built in proportion to their height.

By the middle of January, 1878, Gillett had made corporal and Company E was busy with its assignment of cleaning up Kimble and Menard counties. In the dense thickets of pecan, cedar, mesquite and oak were hiding some of the toughest renegades on the western frontier. The Ranger company was camped on the bank of the North Llano River during this campaign.

This 1879 photo shows Ranger Jim Gillett mounted on "Dusty." Most early photos of him were tintypes which made him seem lefthanded. In truth, Gillett wore his gun and pistol on the right side.

In E Company were also John and Will Bannister, brother with whom Gillett worked cattle in these two counties prior to their enlistment in the Rangers. Lt. Reynolds summoned the trio to his quarters, rising to his feet when they entered the tent.

"Boys, I've always considered this a crack outfit until we let Dick Dublin escape after having him in the palm of our hand. Old man Dublin lives near here and yet we still can't seem to nab him." He grinned as he said, "Oh, yes, Dick sent word that he was going to use a quirt on the three of you. Seems as though all of you punched cows together."

Gillett nodded and replied, "We used to ride for Joe Franks, back in '73. Even then, Dell and Dick slept

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Texas Ranger Jim Gillett wasn't very big. And maybe he did bend the rules a bit. But when there was a town needing taming or an outlaw to apprehend, he was the man Texans wanted

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He was only a lowly jackass, but he is remembered with more reverence than most men who lived in the old days

HONORS

by Dan Mathien

HE HAD SHORT stubby legs and big ears that flopped. The weird sounds that came from his throat and mouth could dang near scare hoot owl chicks out of their nests. You'd never have thought he'd be honored as a pioneer and that some day he would be famous. But when the miners of Fairplay and Alma saw him weaving and wobbling along with sacks of gold on his back or stopping to mooch a handout of flapjacks at some shanty they'd say with wry affection:

"There goes Prunes, that crazy old jackass."

Which is exactly what he was. A jackass. The immortal burro of the epic Colorado Gold Rush. Prunes was destined to be remembered longer than thousands of the legion of gold bugs rushing out with pans and pickaxes to sift and dig for the stuff that made men rich or drove them mad. Known also for loyalty and that nice disposition of his when a lot of men are remembered somberly for claim jumping and backshooting.

Old burro whackers say that Prunes had more partners than Colorado's spectacular Haw Tabor who'd lived high on beefsteaks and died low on bones. In half a century of totin' gold and doing chores the faithful beast was never known to stray off with jackasses that ran wild or to betray a friend with a sudden kick from a sturdy haunch.

He was so dependable that different mine companies that worked him didn't even bother about penning him at night in the jackass corrals near the pits. When the sun rose over the Rockies and the tree bugs began crawling across the leaves of the aspens, there'd be

Photos courtesy Colorado State Historical Society

Jack, son of the famous Prunes, with a section gang in Fairplay, Colorado, 1896.

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FOR OLD PRUNES

Prunes waiting for the harness, but standing proudly aloof from burros that had to be cussed to do their jobs.

But never an ore car he'd pull nor ever a sack of dust he'd carry till he got his breakfast of brown sugar and hot flapjacks coated with just a thin smear of sorghum molasses. And if you didn't come across, he'd bray harder and louder than Haw Tabor campaigning for one of the offices he was always running for.

How he got the name of Prunes isn't known. But he used to bum around at the back doors of miners' boarding houses, braying loudly for flapjacks. These places might have given him prunes for dessert. He was twelve years old in 1879 when he met his best friend, Rupe Sherwood, born Rupert, and those two cottoned the very first glimpse at each other.

Twelve was ripe middle age for a jackass; and the latest mine company that had bought him felt that old Prunes might soon play out. Rupe Sherwood also looked kind of played out from so many years of tagging luck instead of finding it. So those two made a match.

Pint-sized Rupe wasn't much bigger than Prunes, so that helped them feel chummy. Burros, as such, don't sprout big except for the over-sized Spanish jacks used to breed mules from mare horses. Joining up with Rupe was kind of a come-down for Prunes, what with his having hauled one fortune after another from the booming syndicate mines operated by plungers in Denver and Chicago. Now he was just another pack donkey carrying burdens on his back for another roving dreamer possessed of not much more than a shovel and the shirt on his back.

But Rupe made the best flapjacks in all the territory of Colorado. They had the crunchy flakiness of the snow that piles down on the Rockies whenever the old Indian gods get cross and pitch a blizzard to let the desecrating palefaces know *(Continued on page 62)*

Sam Holmes, who owned the ground and built the marker, at Prunes' grave in Fairplay.

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THE AMAZING

LATE IN THE YEAR 1861, a vituperous broadside was published in Salem, warning the good citizens of Oregon and California against the evil influence of a certain Dr. Charles Henry DeWolfe. So black was this man's reputation that no good deed was ever recorded of him.

A friend of Eugene, Oregon's, intellectual printer, Henry Cummings, DeWolfe came west from Philadelphia in the early 1860's, and embarked on a tour of lectures designed to enlighten the young West on matters pertaining to free love, Phrenology, Physiology, and "kindred topics."

It was in this capacity that he visited Salem in November of 1861, at the invitation of the Sons of Temperance, who asked him to speak at the Methodist Church, on their favorite topic. Dr. DeWolfe made a good showing, boldly upholding moderation and self control, and giving a general impression of integrity and great virtue.

So pleased were the Temperance leaders with his conduct of himself, that they presented him with a complimentary copy of their resolutions.

DeWolfe was evidently a man possessed of a considerable amount of personal charm, as well as speaking conviction and composure, for he immediately won the admiration and respect of all of Salem, including a large number of ladies from that city's foremost families.

It wasn't until after he had seduced one of these virtuous women, that the populace realized what a blackguard they had so freely taken to their bosom.

Dr. DeWolfe was openly accused of licentiousness, and in defense of himself, cast slander upon the reputation of the young lady involved.

"If she were as virtuous as she claims to be, she would never have submitted to my advances," the bold Doctor stated, adding insult to injury.

This was too much for the Salemites.

Immediately, DeWolfe was denounced as a "He-Wolf in sheep's clothing," a licentiate, "whose only object is to seek out victims on whom to satiate the brutal lusts of his corrupted and extremely vitiated carcass." No appellation was bad enough to attach to the defamed DeWolfe.

Not even the Doctor's servant completely escaped their vindictive wrath. They referred to him as a "monkey menial," and further inferred that he couldn't be anything less than a mental incompetent, for putting himself into the company of such a blackguard.

The alerted citizens assembled en masse at an "Indignation Meeting," to give vent to their feelings of outrage. The result was a series of resolutions against Dr. DeWolfe, which were published in broadside form, and distributed throughout Oregon, California, and other parts of the Northwest. The names applied to DeWolfe by this virtuous group, ran the gamut, from "inflated mountebanke," to "itinerate libertine." He was judged by them to be unfit to "run at large among his own kind."

"Beware the fell destroyer," was the warning the broadside heralded far and wide.

But, according to letters received by DeWolfe's friend, Henry Cummings, the uproar raised in Salem seemed to have little, if any effect on his career. Perhaps, as sometimes is the case, the redolent and colorful publicity given the ill famed Doctor only served to enhance his peculiar charms, especially where the ladies were concerned. Here was a roue to end all roues, a rogue in the grand manner. Curiosity alone would have been enough to draw them out, disguised by the deep veils which were fashionable in that day, to hear his bold comments on a variety of scandalous topics.

At any rate, Dr. DeWolfe continued to present his unorthodox views throughout the Northwest, cloaking them in a guise of professionalism and art. He appeared in Eugene in January of 1862. Some time during his visit there, he decided to make an attempt to counteract the burning influence of the Salem broadside by bringing charges of libel against its devisors. With this purpose in mind, he returned to Salem late in January.

Upon his arrival, he consulted a lawyer, and was advised that there was no criminal act involved; that under Oregon statutes, the citizens of Salem had been within their rights when they published the famed broadside, and that there was little, if any chance of DeWolfe winning a civil action, especially since a Salem jury would be involved. It would be a long time before that city's irate citizens forgot the vile deed committed by DeWolfe against the illusioned female who had been taken by his smooth line of chatter and manly charms.

"Blackball me, will they. I'll show them," seems to have been DeWolfe's attitude.

He embarked on a series of speaking engagements which took him from Astoria to Olympia and from Vancouver, Washington, to Vancouver, British Columbia.

WHILE APPEARING in Olympia the following spring, he met Eliza Ann Hurd. Again proving that his charms were considerable, he induced Mrs. Hurd to enter into a strange conjugal relationship with him, which was, at best, outside the pale. Dr. DeWolfe referred to this alliance as a "matrimonial co-partnership." The announcement read as follows:

"Married — At the house of the bride's parents, Dr. C. H. DeWolfe of Philadelphia, Pa., to Eliza A. Hurd, of Olympia, in the following manner: 'We, the undersigned, hereby announce to the world that we have contracted a conjugal alliance and entered into a matrimonial co-partnership, believing in the divine right of souls to dictate their own forms and the inspiration of Mother Nature, and Father God as being above custom and priestly ceremony, however long dignified by legal enactment and Christian dictation. This act we perform, taking upon ourselves the responsibility in the presence of these witnesses, whose names accompany our own on this public declaration. Made this 13th day of May, 1862."

The document was signed by the two "co-partners," and four witnesses. But no amount of signing could have legalized it in the eyes of the local law. Before the doctor, and his new "partner" could get out of town, they were intercepted by a deputy sheriff; and DeWolfe was arraigned before the Justice, a man named Bigelow.

He entered a plea of not guilty to a charge that he had violated matrimonial law.

"I am Charles Henry DeWolfe, M.D., F.F.L.S.," the brazen Doctor told the Judge, taking his own defense. "And a minister of the gospel as well," he added. "I have every right to perform

(Continued on page 65)

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DR. DeWOLFE

The doctor was far ahead of his time, but a clever judge came up with an answer to his shameless doings

by Arlene Fitzgerald

Dr. Charles Henry DeWolfe and his wife, Eliza.

University of Oregon Library

This broadside warned good citizens against evil influences.

READ AND REFLECT!

Whereas, A certain Dr. C. H. DeWolfe, a professed lecturer on Phrenology, Physiology, and kindred topics, has received the patronage of the intelligence and respectability in Salem and vicinity; and *whereas* this delectable genius, by his loud-mouthed professions of virtue, gained the confidence of a large proportion of the citizens of this place, among whom were many females of the first families of Salem, and was tendered a set of complimentary resolutions, by the members of the Division of the Sons of Temperance of this place, at a Temperance Lecture delivered by said DeWolfe, at the Methodist Church of this place, not long since; and *whereas* his conduct latterly has completely gainsayed the high opinion many of the Salemites had formed of him, and as he was compelled to make his exit from the city, in the darkest hours of night, to escape the infliction of the penalty his licentiousness had earned for him. In order, therefore, to counteract the influence of the aforesaid resolutions which were passed *prior* to the disgraceful exhibitions of *shamelessness* on the rake heart of this wandering licentiate, as well as to retract the exalted opinion expressed of him in the resolutions now *in his* possession, and to *warn* the citizens of Southern Oregon, California and elsewhere, to beware of the fell destroyer—this *He* Wolfe in sheeps clothing, whose only object is to seek out victims on whom to satiate the brutal lusts of his corrupted and extremely vitiated carcass. We, the undersigned, citizens of Salem and vicinity, in Indignation Meeting assembled, this the 20th day of November, 1861, unanimously resolve:

1st. That Dr. C. H. DeWolfe is an *inflated mountebank, a thorough-going, rotten-hearted hypocrite; a miserable, low-bred, self-abandoned* and *licentious profligate*, and an *itinerant libertine*, unfit to run at large among his own kind, and utterly unworthy the appellation of a *man*.

2d. That Dr. C. H. DeWolfe is an unscrupulous liar and an unprincipled slanderer, and that we heartily despise a wretch who would wantonly insult a respectable female, and then ruthlessly assail her *womanly* virtue to vindicate and justify such diabolical outrage.

3d. That the *monkey-menial* who attends this *celebrated teacher of morality*, is only fitted by Nature to do the bidding of the master now employing him, and that all respectable persons would do well to *shun* him, as they cannot but be contaminated by association with him.

4th. That we, the citizens of Salem, are prepared to establish that the polluted and designing Doctor, and his pliant man Friday, have given sufficient cause to warrant the publication and circulation of these resolutions, and that we earnestly solicit the perambulating quack Doctor, and his "*capping*" servant to return to Salem and receive, at the hands of an outraged community, the merited chastisement they so well deserve.

Oregon Historical Society

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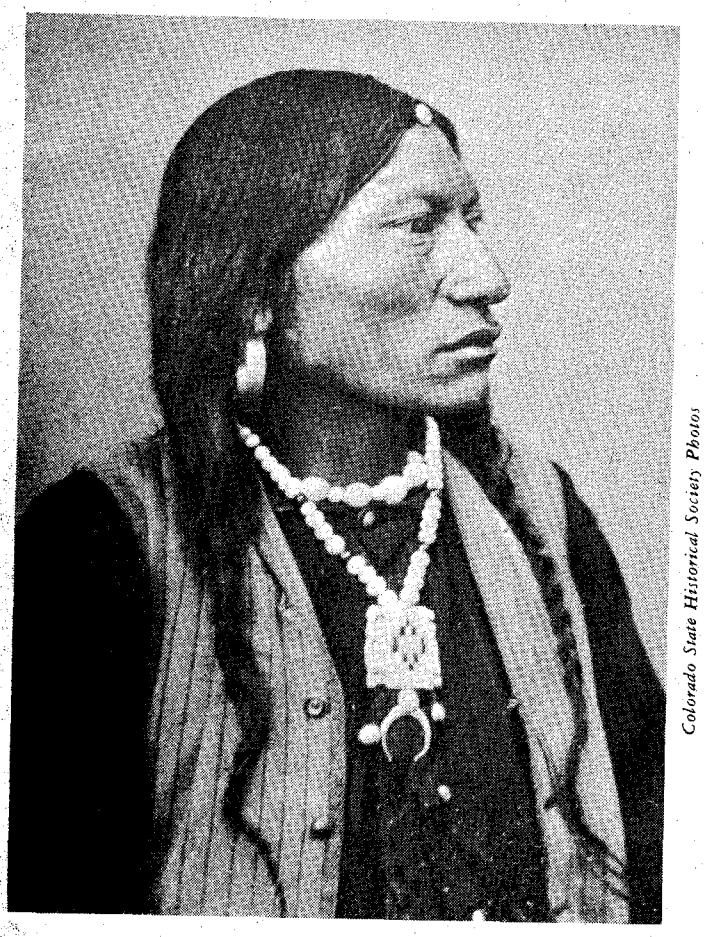
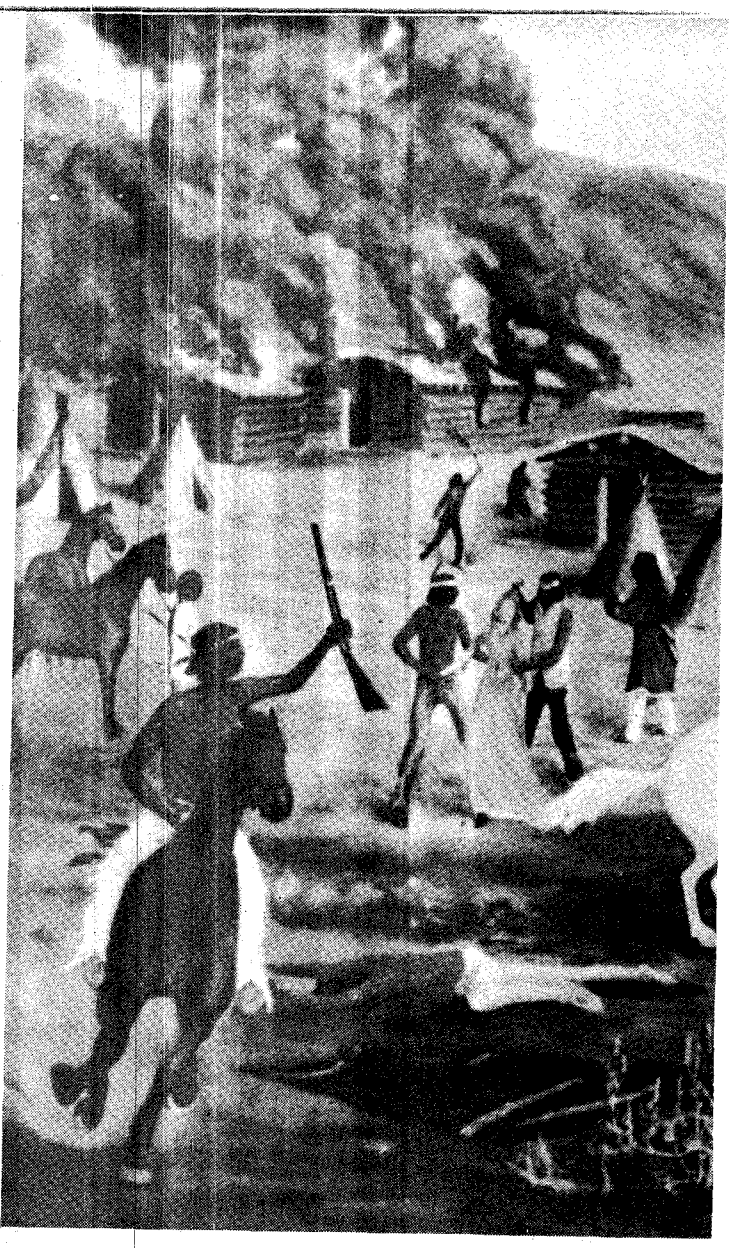
CAPTAIN JACK





Colorado State Historical Society Photos

VILLAIN OR MARTYR?

by John Raincloud

An Indian gives us a different version of the White River Agency Massacre and the part Captain Jack played in it

(The massacre at the White River Agency in Colorado by the Utes has been called one of the most bloody atrocities committed by Indians. Volumes have been written about it, all by white men. Nicagaat, called Captain Jack, has been named the villian of the piece. The story that follows gives the Indian version of what happened at White River for the first time. It explains the other side of Captain Jack's character; and was written by a descendent of the Indian blamed for the massacre—Editor.)

THE HOOVES OF HIS STALLION beat a crescendo high above the piercing blasts of the bugles in the valley below. The muscular young Indian bent low in his saddle to escape a random bullet from the soldier's gun. He could hear the echo of white men's voices.

"He's up there, all right! Our scout spotted him! It's that savage wanted for the Meeker Massacre!"

"Yes," another voice chimed in. "That one they call Cap'n Jack! And there's money on his scalp."

A horn blew a charge that spring morning of 1880. The hooves of the cavalrymen's mounts echoed in a heavy, pounding chorus moving up the slope of the hill. But Captain Jack was a better horseman than any of these soldiers and he knew the Colorado trails like a book.

He touched the reins lightly. His trusty mount had delivered him through many such chases. The stallion disappeared in a dense ravine. The troopers were afraid to

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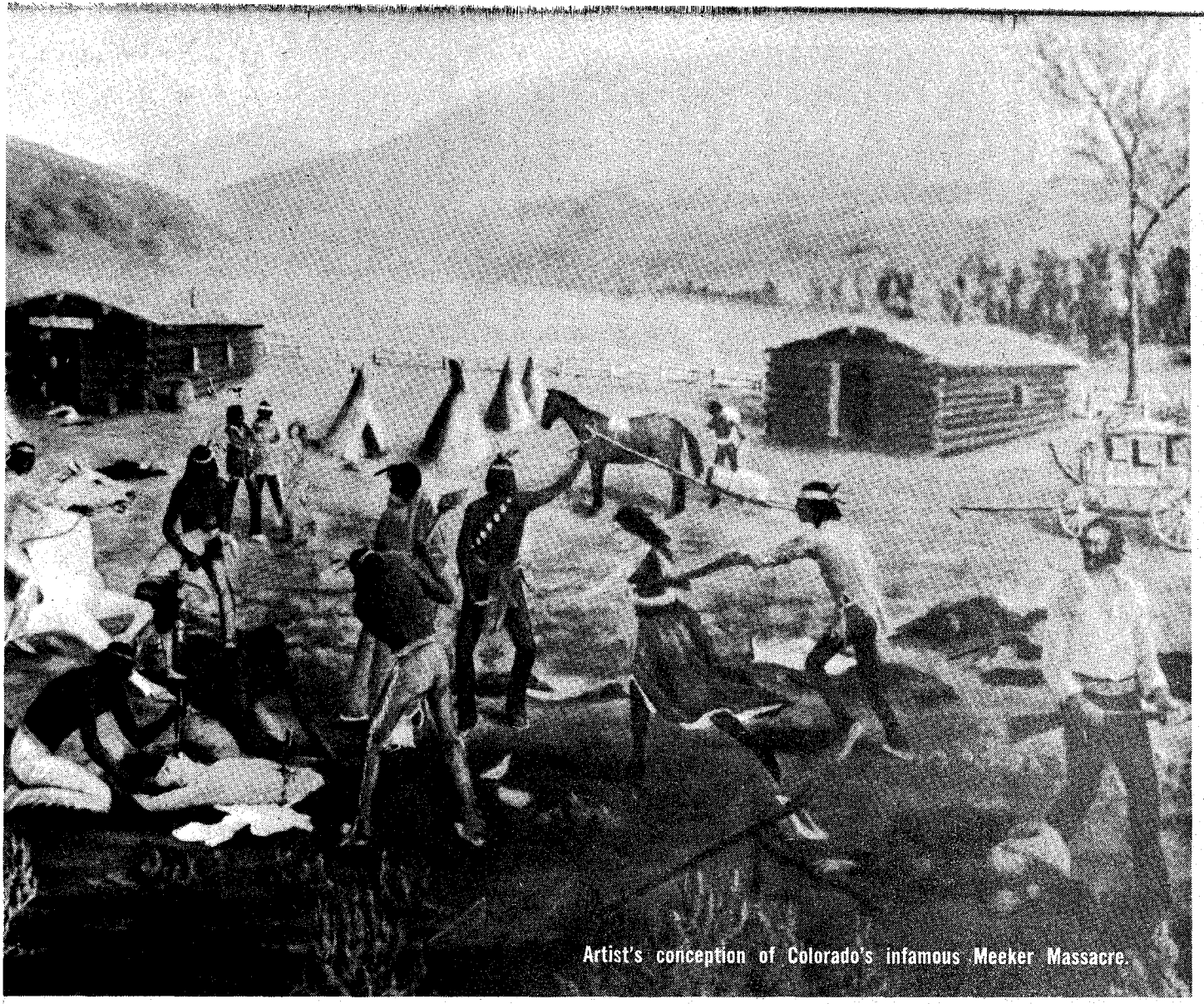

Artist's conception of Colorado's infamous Meeker Massacre.

venture into the wilderness for fear of an Indian ambush when they reached the hill's crest. A bugle sounded retreat.

For months now Captain Jack had heard those bugles and had raced away from his pursuers, the United States Army. He had been a hunted man, with little time for rest. In the mad fury of the palefaces about the White River Massacre in Colorado, Captain Jack had been picked as the villain. He was named to take the blame.

Captain Jack knew that in time death would catch up with him, yet little did the whites know about Captain Jack and his real part in that massacre.

Some hours later, Captain Jack reached the camp of the fugitive Arapahoes on Little Wind River. Several times he had zig-zagged or doubled back to throw off possible half-breed army scouts who might be following him to learn the hiding place of his friends. The two squaws that had been given him as wives came forward when he reached the camp. One was bearing food. The second began unsaddling his horse.

The chief of the band handed him a torn piece of paper. "Our braves found this on a tree as they were searching for you," the Arapaho said. "It is one of the talking leaves. It bears your face. That is evil medicine."

Captain Jack unfolded what he knew to be another of the posters the whites kept nailing up for him. He had learned to read English as well as speak it from having been adopted as a boy by a Mormon couple in Utah. There below his picture in heavy bold letters were printed the words:

$500 REWARD
DEAD OR ALIVE
FOR NICAGAAT ALIAS CAPTAIN JACK

And below the photograph, these words:

"The above amount will be paid by the Department of War for the delivery of this man wanted for the slaying of Indian Agent Nathan Cook Meeker at White River Reservation, Colorado, on September 29, 1879; for instigating the murder of eleven other government employees at said reservation; for the prior ambush of Federal soldiers at Milk Creek, Colorado, resulting in the death of commanding officer Major T. T. Thornburgh; and for subsequent theft of horses from white citizens of Colorado and Wyoming. WARNING: This man is dangerous and is not to be approached without arms. The cooperation of all loyal Americans is asked in his apprehension.

Capt. John Layman
THE ADJUTANT,
FORT STEELE.

Captain Jack translated the reward notice into Arapaho for the benefit of braves gathered to hear. "We must move again," he said. "The bluecoats are not far if our warriors return with such as this."

AS THE Arapahoes struck camp to move again, Captain Jack was thinking of his own people whom he would

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never see again. They had been exiled to the deserts of Utah. Taking their ponies had been the worst of their humiliations since his tribe, centuries before, had been the very first Western Indians to learn the uses of horses. And upon horses had been built their large society of hunters.

He alone had escaped the round-up of the White River Utes, whose leading sub-chief he had been. He, Nicagaat, whom the white men called Jack in an obvious mispronunciation of his name, then had added the title of "Captain" for his once having served the army as a scout against the Sioux. After the shambles at White River, he managed to elude all the cavalry patrols to find these wandering Arapahoes.

The event was commemorated as the Meeker Massacre. He knew that because fragments of newspapers that he found, dropped by troopers, still portrayed Nathan Meeker as a blameless martyr and himself as a scheming savage.

But as Captain Jack sat by a spring, making a meal on a rabbit, he would reconstruct for himself his own reasons for his behavior on that bitter autumn day.

It was not that he had hated Meeker for being Nathan Meeker. But he despised that whole white way of life which demanded that men rip the belly of the earth, their mother, with the sharp plows, which gave to no other people the right to live and enjoy living in the manner the Great Spirit decreed right for them.

Had he chosen, he could have been one of the tame, unctuous Indians whom the conquerors glorified. His tongue had been quick to share alien speech after that Mormon couple had ransomed him from slavery among the Navajos when he was a boy pushing manhood. Captain Jack did not forget that he had been sold into bondage by a greedy chieftain of his own people, the Utes. Nor was he unthankful to the Mormons who rescued him. But individual relations had little to do with the way a man wanted to spend his life. This highly intelligent young man of a doomed people wanted to live as had his fathers, live as an Indian.

He learned the uses of money during a period of driving an ice wagon in Salt Lake City. There he met other Indians who had strayed from the old free life to accept other menial, degrading jobs. A pitiful group they were, forever kow-towing to the whites whom they secretly hated, but drowning self-hatred in the firewater bought at thieves' prices from paleface bootleggers on payday.

If this was the civilization that the white people were always bragging about, Captain Jack wanted none of it. One day he appropriated a blooded horse in Salt Lake City and outraced to the territorial line a posse sent after him. In Colorado Territory, he found the band of White River Utes who welcomed him as a brother. Soon he became a sub-chief leading the faction which advocated resistance, passive or otherwise, to the conquerors. Soon the whites were finding that this young Indian was a power to be reckoned with.

Because of his fluency in both English and the Ute tongue, white politicians tried to buy him off with an interpreter's job. He refused them in their own tongue. He had let himself be wheedled into enlisting as a scout against the Sioux because his people were ancient foes of that larger, more powerful confederation of tribes. But after the Sioux were whipped, the white men then moved against the Utes. Captain Jack got the point—and never forgot it!

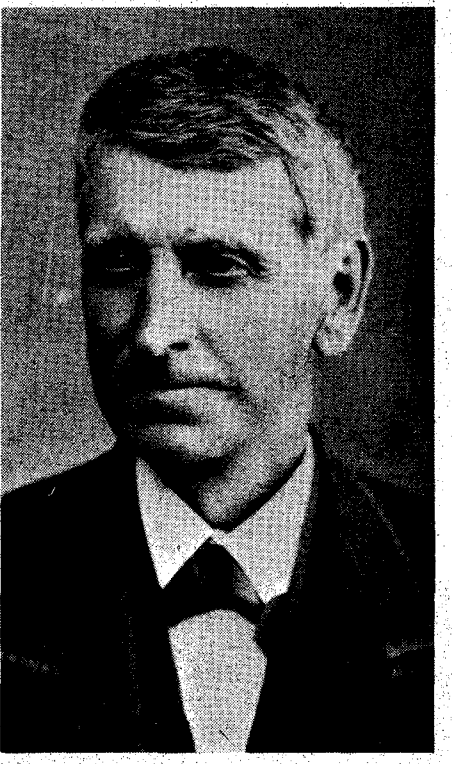
In 1868, he had been one of a delegation of Ute chiefs who were taken by train to Washington for a loud powwow with President U. S. Grant and other white officials. From the first, Captain Jack suspected that he, as a sub-chief, had been invited only for his knowledge of English which the conquerors were willing to pay for handsomely under certain conditions.

Agents of every interest trying to rob the Indians approached Captain Jack. The lobbyists of the advancing railroads tried to dine and flatter him. The land speculators, maneuvering to bust all the tribes for white settlers, offered him many ponies and thousands of dollars if he would translate the goings-on at the parleys in their favor.

They picked the wrong man to bribe.

Captain Jack flared in anger when he saw Ouray, the Ute head chief and Ouray's wife, Chipeta, letting themselves be lionized by the leading luminaries of Washington society. He read with disgust the newspaper accounts of banquets thrown in their honor, and of Chipeta appearing like white squaws in diamonds and evening gowns.

Ouray was, of course, trying to *(Continued on page 59)*



Colorado State Historical Society Photos

Nathan Meeker (right) and monument (above) near scene of the massacre.

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JAMES H. WILBUR—INDIAN AGENT

(Continued from page 31)

to Fort Dalles, the nearest settlement.

Father Wilbur was not the sort to see injustice done without taking immediate and positive action. He accepted as his personal responsibility the chore to correct the evil being done "his" Indians who depended upon him to demonstrate the truth of the white man's words that Wilbur had been teaching them. And this is exactly what he would do. He'd go right to the top—the final authority—the President of the United States.

The fact that the President was a continent away wouldn't stop him, nor that the season was late to be starting horseback over mountains and wide prairies where deep snows and blizzards had prevented even the hardiest from making the attempt. As soon as he had his wife settled in Oregon for whatever length of time he'd be gone, Wilbur straddled his mule and set out for Washington D.C.

Records are sketchy concerning the dangers of his hazardous and nearly disastrous trip through the frigid, stormy snow-blocked mountains and trailless plains that almost took his life at several critical times. He was the only one who could give an account and Wilbur had no time for that. But he did get through.

Reaching Washington he immediately sought and was granted an audience with President Abraham Lincoln. The physical likeness that was immediately apparent in the two tall, large-framed and determined men, may have contributed toward drawing them together on sight and inspiring almost spontaneous friendship and confidence. Most importantly, the President was notably impressed by this giant of a man who had made the long hazardous journey, alone, in the winter. His must be a mission of great importance.

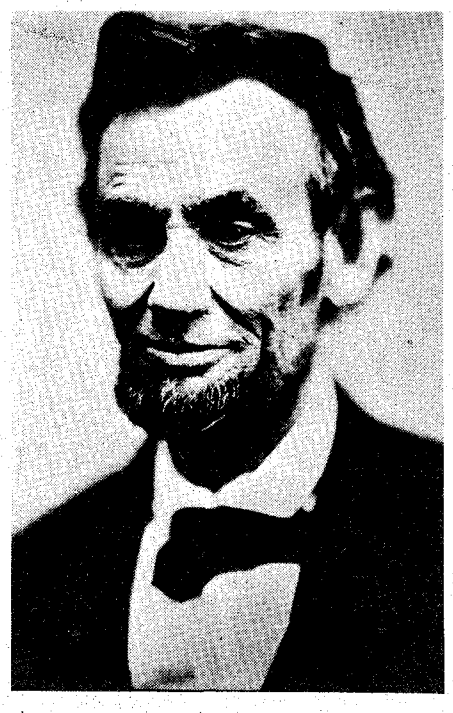
The President gave his undivided attention to Father Wilbur's word picture of the Indian situation and abuses as seen through the eyes of the unhappy redmen whose lands had been ruthlessly over-run. The invaders were white renegades, themselves criminals on-the-run, but how was the Indian to make the fine distinction?

Wilbur related the whole story from the 1855 treaty signing to the latest incidents that brought him there. He told of the misunderstanding that language and custom difference bred. He stressed the effect of the long, unexplained delay in Congressional ratification of the treaty upon the Indians, and pointed out that the war that followed had left but remnants of the once proud Indian Nation, abandoned by their Chief Kamiakin who viewed all whites as "forked-tongued encroachers." They were hopeless and confined, "worse than slaves."

He told of the mistreatment of the Yakimas at the hands of the very man they looked upon as representing "The Great White Father in Washington," and how the evil contradicted every good thing that the government intended for them.

The President saw clearly how the Indians had complained to "their" Father Wilbur of "dishonest treatment from the man supposedly sent to look after their welfare and how it was destroying every possible step toward civilization for which the treaty provided." Wilbur's detailed facts were not once questioned. The President now understood the evil situation that the big minister had made such a sacrifice to place before him. Father Wilbur had come to the right man.

President Lincoln may have indulged



President Lincoln granted an immediate audience to the man who'd come from Oregon riding on a mule.

in a bit of rueful remembrance as he created the opportunity for the big man so much like himself, sitting across the table. Only a few years before, Lincoln himself had strongly considered accepting the Governorship of Oregon Territory. It had been offered him. He had been urged to go, "because he was the type of man so badly needed in that wild new country." He had pictured himself handling the same problems that Father Wilbur was recounting. He'd accepted the larger task instead, but that had in no way lessened the need for the one still brewing in the far West. So he commissioned James Harvey Wilbur to be the Central Washington Indian Agent of the Yakimas, in charge of Fort Simcoe, effective as soon as Wilbur could reach his newly assigned post.

Only pity for the mis-guided Agent he replaced was felt by Father Wilbur as he and his wife Lucrecia returned to take charge of Fort Simcoe, from which he had been driven less than a year previously. The Indians were overjoyed at the new arrangement. With it, their confidence in "The Great White Father In Washington," and their own future, was considerable enhanced. A new atmosphere permeated Fort Simcoe, and the Reservation.

Under Father Wilbur's leadership the Agency and Fort Simcoe flourished. He taught by example and used his great strength in a manner that brought such comments from the Indians as "Father part bear—too strong for all man," and worked all the harder.

He installed saw mills, first water power and then mule driven, to turn vast timber resources into lumber, and grist mills to make flour from the grain he taught them to grow. He promoted gardens by each family to supply their own vegetables. He built shops, stores and a laundry and taught their proper use, while Lucrecia was instructing Indian women and their daughters in the arts of sewing, homemaking and housewifry.

Father Wilbur built schools, acquired bands of livestock and did the unheard-of by making the Agency self-supporting. As many as 600 souls attended his church services at a single meeting.

He probably holds the record for the longest tenure as Indian Agent, his service lasted two decades. He built a reputation with his accomplishments that seems to grow rather than fade. The Old Fort Simcoe has been restored and made into a State Park. Although the record shows that the restoration is intended to depict the Military period of the famed spot, little doubt is held but that the Father Wilbur influence was considerable.

The great man gave his whole life and energy to the place and to the Indians he loved. But even the apparently imperishable physique is subject to time erosion. And so on August 15, 1882, he penned his final report to accompany his resignation. He'd strived for no record. His objective was to serve and the record resulted.

A pall of sadness spread over the Reservation, and moist eyes said "Goodbye" to a great, good friend of many years as Father Wilbur and his Lucrecia left their beloved Fort Simcoe for the last time.

The aging pair made their home in Walla Walla until October 1887 when Lucrecia passed on. Father Wilbur joined her in less than a month. They rest in a Salem, Oregon Cemetery in the old mission where they first landed in the raw, new West, and their memories remain forever fresh. ●

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THE STRANGE MARRIAGE OF WILD BILL HICKOK

(Continued from page 15)

WILD BILL'S BREAK, WHICH was to play an important part in this strange marriage, was a phase of his life that the writers who glorified him in true dime-novel style purposely ignored. This break had come five years before, in Abilene, when Wild Bill faced Phil Coe in their famous gun battle.

Back of this break is the true story of Wild Bill Hickok, a story filled with a weird form of tragedy. This, too, has been ignored by the hero worshippers of Wild Bill. Prior to 1867, Wild Bill Hickok was a happy-go-lucky border ruffian. "Ruffian" does not denote anything derogatory. It was a name given in those days to the men who jumped from one town to another, one job to another, gambled a lot, got drunk, and led a carefree life.

Wild Bill had one cross to bear and it wasn't light. His feminine looks, his small waist, small hands and small feet caused some to make remarks that were far from complimentary. Wild Bill was hypersensitive on this subject, and these remarks would send him into a spasm of fury that either ended in a screaming tantrum or in the killing of the man who made the remark. In Springfield, Missouri, Wild Bill and Dave Tutt got into an argument in a poker game. The feeling between the two wasn't good, despite the fact they had been contract scouts for the North. Susanna Moore was the cause of the ill feeling, and on this day Tutt made the mistake of casting a sneering remark about Wild Bill's feminine looks.

This cost Dave Tutt his life and skyrocketed Wild Bill to fame. Wild Bill waited [illegible] the courthouse in the town square and cut Dave Tutt down as he came out of a livery stable. At a quick trial, Wild Bill's attorney claimed self defense, and, although Dave Tutt never had a chance to draw, Wild Bill's lawyer introduced a gun that he claimed belonged to Dave Tutt. It had two discharged cartridges. Wild Bill Hickok was promptly found not guilty by the jury.

It so happened that Colonel George Ward Nichol, a correspondent for *Harper's Monthly*, arrived in Springfield on July 22, 1865, the day following the killing of Tutt. Colonel Nichol had been sent West to find a blood-and-thunder hero to take up the slack in blood and gore caused by the ending of the Civil War.

Colonel Nichol didn't like the West—the heat, the flies, the filth, and the ignorance—and he was ready to choose anybody for his hero. He saw the impressive figure of Wild Bill riding his famous horse, and when he asked who this man was and was told his name and that he had killed a man the day before, Colonel Nichol had his hero.

The February 1867 issue of *Harper's* carried Colonel Nichol's famous story on Wild Bill. It was a nerve-chilling, hair-raising piece of bloody fiction. Wild Bill was pictured as, singlehandedly and with only a knife, killing fifteen of the terrible gang of horsethieves led by one Dave McCanless at Rock Creek, Nebraska. Wild Bill had been at Rock Creek and had killed McCanless and two others from ambush, but there any similarity to the Colonel's story ended.

WILD BILL HICKOK WAS at Fort Riley when the story broke. General Custer and his wife, Elizabeth, were also at Fort Riley, and Mrs. Custer was to have an important part in the buildup of Wild Bill Hickok as a great hero. Elizabeth Custer was a sentimental woman and she was bored with army life on the prairies. To fight this boredom, Elizabeth Custer used many different interests. One was to make gods out of strikingly handsome men; and after she read the article in *Harper's* and got her first glimpse of Wild Bill, she had found herself another god.

She took Wild Bill in hand and supervised his wardrobe, which became for the Old West a thing of wonder. Beautiful white shirts with ruffles and which ballooned out at the wrist. Kid boots of the finest leather. A many-colored vest, long broadcloth coat, and trousers of the finest silk.

His fame spread far and wide, and Elizabeth Custer, as well as the general, loved to show off Wild Bill. He served as a bodyguard to Custer, but most of his work was running errands for Elizabeth Custer. Then General Custer was ordered north into the Black Hills country. Wild Bill didn't go with him. He went to Hays. By this time he had found that the fame that had come to him wasn't all glory.

He had the reputation for being a two-gun man, which he certainly wasn't. Contrary to all that has been written by the dime-novel boys about Wild Bill's amazing marksmanship with a six-gun, with one writer describing how he cut the throats of chickens at a hundred yards with a Colt Dragon, Wild Bill Hickok was not one of the great marksmen with a six-gun in the Old West. His hands were so small he couldn't handle the Colt Dragon. He had a pair of small Smith and Wesson revolvers made especially for his small hands, and, even with these, as will be shown later, he wasn't much of a marksman.

But Wild Bill Hickok had a certain cunning, and he quickly developed tricks to throw an opponent off guard, such as tossing a hat at him, having a confederate yell to his right, and other tricks. J. B. Edwards, who knew him well in Abilene, described him as a magician when it came to a gunfight.

The one horror that haunted Wild Bill Hickok was the prospect of having to exchange shots face to face with a gunman. This fear increased when the city council of Hays asked Hickok to become marshal. He wanted to refuse, but to do so would destroy his fame. He agreed when the city fathers said he could carry one or two sawed-off shotguns as weapons.

Even these didn't prevent him from losing his head and killing two unarmed soldiers of General Phil Sheridan's regiment. Wild Bill fled town to escape the fury of the soldiers, and hid most of the winter in the cellar of the home of his friend, Harry Pestana, in Ellsworth. When he heard that General Sheridan and his outfit had been ordered north, Wild Bill came out of hiding and went to Topeka.

THE SPRING OF 1871 found Abilene, which had become the Sodom and Gomorrah of the prairies, without a marshal. Tom Smith, who had brought law and order to the town, had been killed. So Wild Bill applied for the job. The city council didn't want him, but as there were no other applicants, he was hired. It was at the end of that summer that the great nightmare that had haunted Wild Bill became a reality.

He stood face to face with Phil Coe, partner of Ben Thompson, and Wild Bill had no choice but to draw his guns. In view of the description of this fight, published in the October 12, 1871 issue of the Abilene *Chronicle*, all the hogwash written about the amazing marksmanship of Wild Bill sounds a little silly. The two men stood toe to toe. Coe emptied his six gun and not a bullet hit Wild Bill. Wild Bill emptied one Smith and Wesson and missed every shot. Then he started firing his second revolver. The second bullet hit Coe in the groin. By this time, Wild Bill was screaming like a woman. Mike Williams, his deputy, came running to aid him. Wild Bill fired at him, the bullet hitting him in the heart, and he dropped dead.

Wild Bill had lost all control of himself. His screams could be heard for blocks. He began firing into the crowd and two bystanders were wounded. Three men finally overpowered Wild Bill, and carried him into the Alamo. He was shaking like a leaf and his screams had turned into woman-like sobs. The doctors kept Wild Bill in bed for three days. When he got up, he was a broken man. The thing he had feared had happened. He was still alive but his nerves were completely gone. Phil Coe's wound developed blood poisoning and he died two days later. When Wild Bill left the hotel, he carried two sawed-off shotguns and told everybody ten thousand Texans were coming up to kill him.

The city council had had all they wanted of Wild Bill as a marshal, and in their December meeting they discharged him. Wild Bill tried his hand at acting, joining Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, but he couldn't get along with Buffalo Bill who had a deep disdain for him. He returned to Ellsworth with Indian Annie, and then left her and his son and went west to Cheyenne.

Then came his marriage to Agnes Lake. When the marriage broke up in St. Louis, Agnes Lake's comment was, "I thought I had married a man, but the Wild Bill Hickok I knew is no more. The fight with Bill Coe has broken him completely."

Wild Bill returned to Cheyenne. He was run out of the town as an undesirable. With Colorado Charley he headed for Deadwood, South Dakota. The once aristocratic Wild Bill, proud and elegant and gallant, the hero of the plains, was now a broken man.

He was broken not only in body but in spirit. On August 2, 1876, Wild Bill said in Deadwood to Colorado Charley, "I am going to be killed today," He said it as if death would be a welcome release from the misery his fame had brought him.

He was correct. Three hours later, sitting at a poker table in the Bella Union, Jack McCall fired the bullet that went through Wild Bill's brain, and his head fell gently on the table, in death.

Newspaper reporters located Agnes Lake in New Orleans. She had no comment when told Wild Bill was dead. Indian Annie was more talkative. She was on her knees scrubbing the floor of the lobby of the Grand Central Hotel in Ellsworth, Kansas. Young Charley Larkin came running into the hotel with the news that Wild Bill had been killed in Deadwood.

Indian Annie said, "I'm god-damned glad of it," and went on scrubbing the floor. ●

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EVERYTHING STARTED IN GENOA

(Continued from page 25)

to do is to guess the right pine tree among the thousands in the area.

Luck played an important part in another man's life. "Lucky Bill" Thorington was lucky at gambling, whether it was faro, poker, or roulette. But his luck really shone when it came to rustling or making sharp deals with livestock. Lucky Bill, who unfortunately didn't hide his light under a bushel, lived with a handsome young wife and their children in the Genoa area. Bill and his family were well thought of despite the whispers about his sharp practices.

Wanting to expand his operations, Bill took in a partner named Edwards who, saloon talk would have it, had committed a murder for which another man had been hanged. Edwards brought news of a large cattle drive being made by a Frenchman taking a fine-looking herd from Nevada to California. Bill suggested that they murder the Frenchman, hide his body, forge bills of sale, then spread the news that the owner had gone on to California. Bill's plan worked without a flaw but he had reckoned without the Frenchman's friends. They instituted a search and soon recovered his body from a stream where Bill and Edwards had sunk it.

Lucky Bill was collared by the Vigilante Committee and a drum head court sentenced him to be hanged. But since they couldn't find Edwards, the Vigilante Committee convinced Bill's teen-aged son they would treat his father leniently if he would deliver Edwards, considered to be the perpetrator of the crime. The boy eagerly agreed.

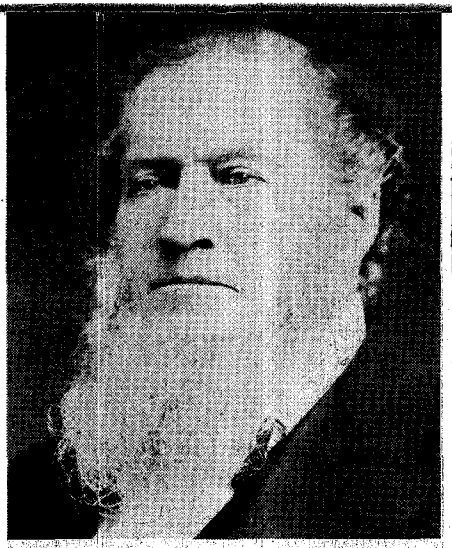
Late that night the boy, who knew his life was forfeit if the capture failed, led Edwards to a deserted area, ostensibly to a group of others in on the plan. But the others were members of the Vigilante Committee who overpowered Edwards and held an immediate trial. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The Committee went ahead with plans for a double execution, despite protests of Genoa residents that Lucky Bill should be released because of the promise made to his son. Most people thought the matter should be referred to established authorities now, but a militant group insisted upon a hanging.

And their wishes prevailed.

Edwards and Lucky Bill were driven out to a group of cottonwood trees where ropes were thrown over limbs. Edwards, for whatever else he was, died like a man. Lucky Bill laughed and joked with the Committee and was permitted to sing "The Last Rose of Summer." The last words of the song died in a strangled voice as the wagon was driven from under his feet. Bill's *luck* had run out at last.

THE Carson River flows not far from where the double hanging took place, and Bill Cradlebaugh's bridge, spanning that bit of water, was a welcome sight to bone-weary emigrants. Though rickety and swaying, the bridge provided easy passage to the wagon trains moving west. From that point travelers could look skyward and see the towering summits hovering over Genoa, the remaining obstacle to be overcome in completion of their trip to that fabulous land of gold, California.



Brigham Young recalled the Mormons from Genoa to Salt Lake City, Utah when Young defied the government.

Near the bridge there was a huge water wheel which slowly turned and dipped into the water, then dumped its load into troughs to water the weary stock before they continued their journey. This slowly moving wheel fascinated young George Washington Gale Ferris, Jr., who had crossed the plains with his parents when he was only five. The family had now settled down in the lush Carson Valley to raise cattle, and when there were no demanding chores young George could almost always be found lying on the river bank, idly watching the hypnotic movement of the huge wheel. Nothing seemed to please the youngster more than watching the wheel and the travelers as they made their way across the valley.

From this boyhood fascination came a fantastic invention, one which first appeared in 1895 at the Chicago World's Fair—the Ferris Wheel!

And it was a magnificent thing: the realization of a boy's dream.

The first Ferris Wheel rose two hundred fifty feet from the ground and was capable of carrying forty people in each of its thirty-six cages. The wheel, which weighed in the neighborhood of 1,200 tons was an immediate success, not only for its thrilled passengers but for Ferris, too. More than fourteen hundred people could ride the two revolutions of the wheel for fifty cents each; a ride which took about twenty minutes. But the passengers were happy, too. It was the first time they had ever seen the countryside from such a vantage point, and many took the ride time and again.

Young Ferris had engineered the modern miracle well, holding before him the recollection of the Carson River waterwheel. For safety, the axle was thirty-three inches of forged steel which weighed seventy tons. And for power, two one-thousand horsepower steam engines puffed away.

But it hadn't materialized out of nothing. Ferris had borrowed, promoted and mortgaged everything to get finances for his wheel; even his health was threatened before he got what he wanted.

Ferris, the lad from Genoa, had provided an attraction which has played a prominent part in fairs and beach amusement parks for all these years.

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RANGER JIM GILLETT

(Continued from page 35)

with one eye cocked as well as their six-guns."

The Dublin brothers were both murderers with a price on each of their heads. Dick was by far the meanest. A huge, dark man, he looked more like a prize ring pugilist than a cowman.

Lt. Reynolds continued, "I want a constant scout in the field after him at all times. You boys know this country and Dublin personally, so I want you three, Tom Gillespie, Dave Ligon and Ben Carter in the saddle for the first five-day scout."

He nodded at Gillett. "Jim, there, will be in charge."

At daybreak, the six Rangers moved out with a couple of bronco-mules trotting along behind, toting their camp gear. The first possible hideout Gillett wanted to check out was the Potter Ranch on Pack Saddle Creek, since Potter and his two sons were cronies of all the Dublins.

Cautiously they split up and swiftly closed in on the one-room cabin, only to find no one there. By the process of hard riding, Gillett and his squad checked out other possibilities. However, their efforts were futile, and by the afternoon of the fourth day they still had found no trace of the elusive Dick Dublin. Stymied, Gillett decided to swing by the Potter place again.

It was dusk when Gillett reined in, about a mile from the cabin. He told his men, "We'll leave our horses here and move in on foot. Will, you and Dave stay with them."

Moving quietly through the heavy mesquite, the four Rangers heard the thudding of hoof beats and quickly squatted in a dry wash until the lone rider passed on toward the cabin. As they approached closer, they spotted a fire burning in the yard, lighting up a wagon nearby. A saddled horse was tied to one of the wheels. To their right, Gillett made out old man Potter and one of his sons unloading hogs from another wagon, putting them in a pen.

Grasping his Winchester so he could swing it around, Gillett whispered—"Hit that open ground fast. *Vamos!*"

The Rangers came tearing out of the darkness like turpentined cats. Pigs squealed, men cursed.

Old man Potter yelled, "Dick, it's the damn Rangers!"

A large man moved swiftly toward the saddled horse, saw he couldn't make it, and hurtled into the brush. Running after him, Gillett commanded him to stop. When Dublin kept going, Gillett shot at his dark hulk. Dublin only ran faster, crashing through the brush like a maddened bull.

Finally, Gillett saw the huge man clawing up the bank of a steep ravine and stopped to sight the Winchester on his quarry as he was framed against the skyline at the edge of the embankment. This time the outlaw went down, tumbling backwards into the coulee. Dublin never got up. He was dead.

In the early spring of 1879, Reynolds resigned from the Rangers and Gillett transferred over to C Company as a sergeant under Captain George W. Baylor.

Jim Gillett became Baylor's right hand as he crammed a lifetime of experience into his 20 odd years at $50 per month and an occasional pat on the back. He did his part in putting the fear of *Dios* into many a *hombre malo*—from standing guard over John Wesley Hardin, the most renowned gunfighter of Texas, to galloping into Round Rock in time to see outlaw Sam Bass breathe his last.

On Christmas eve in 1880, Editor A.M. Conklin, of the *Socorro Sun,* participated in a community Christmas party for children at the Methodist church. As he and his wife were leaving, Albran Baca took her by the arm and jerked her to one side, while two of Baca's brothers—Onofre and Antonio—began assaulting Conklin. Suddenly two shots rang out and the editor fell to the steps, a bullet through his heart.

The three Baca brothers were members of a prominent Mexican family and it appeared within a few days that the sheriff, Juan Garcia, intended to do nothing toward ap-

Jim Gillett (above, fifth from left) poses with friends at Old Trail Drivers' Convention in San Antonio, Texas. Gillett (below) poses with L.S. Turnbo, first sheriff of Pecos, Texas, and a former Ranger.

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prehending the youths. Therefore, a vigilante committee was formed and a search was made of the Baca residence. There they found Antonio dressed in feminine attire. He was killed a few days later, trying to escape from jail.

At Ysleta, a reward poster with pictures of Onofre and Albran Baca was passed among the Rangers of C Company. An uncle of the brothers, Jose Baca, was an El Paso county judge and a merchant at Ysleta. Sergeant Gillett felt the two murderers might come to him for protection. He put a stake-out on the judge's store and home. However, after a month of fruitless watching, he gave up and dismissed it from his mind.

Then one day in the latter part of March, Gillett received word that one of the Bacas was at his uncle's house. Moving in fast, Gillett took Albran into custody and set out for New Mexico with his prisoner.

A month after Gillett delivered Albran to Socorro and collected his reward, he learned from Santiago Cooper that Onofre was working in a merchantile in Zaragosa, a small village across the Rio Grande from Ysleta. There was only one drawback. Gillette had no authority in old Mexico.

Although it was not according to international "Hoyle," Gillett decided to go after Onofre Baca anyway. Taking Private George Lloyd, another foolhardy Ranger, with him, Gillett crossed the Rio Grande, circling around to enter Zaragosa from the southwest as if they had been traveling in Mexico. Stopping their mounts in front of the long adobe store, Gillett handed his reins to Lloyd and swung down.

When Gillett entered the store, he had no trouble recognizing Onofre, as the young *Mexicano* had red hair and a florid complexion. He was measuring calico for an old lady and only cast a glance at Gillett. Heavily armed *gringos* were nothing new, there were always some passing through as they sought sanctuary from the Texas lawmen. It would be suicide for any Texas Ranger to cross over the river after a lawbreaker. Almost every citizen in Zaragosa owned a firearm and would fight for any Mexican that an *Americano* lawman tried to return

This Mescalero Apache is representative of the Indians Gillett fought in the Canyon del Marranos.

across the Rio Grande.

Gillett rammed the .45 muzzle into Baca's kidney and nodded toward the door.

"Move easy, but move!"

Baca registered surprise as he gasped, "Where, *hombre?*"

"Paso del Norte . . . move out. *Vamos!*"

There had been three customers in the store. The old lady fainted and the other two fled, screaming. Shortly, the mission bell began to bong and male citizens began seeking their guns.

Holding the muzzle of the Colt against Baca's temple, Gillett forced the Mexican fugitive outside and up behind Private Lloyd. The daredevil Rangers socked spurs to

(Continued on page 48)

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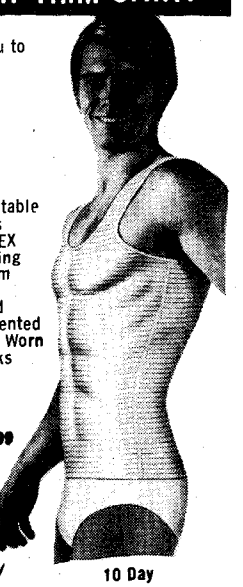
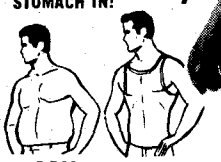
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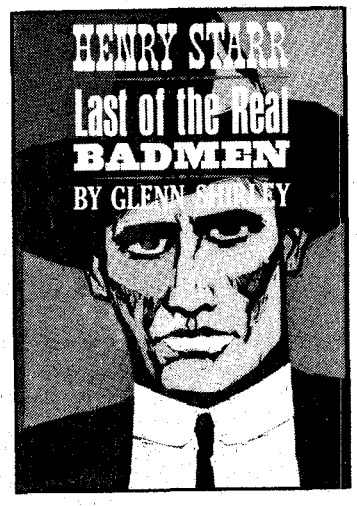

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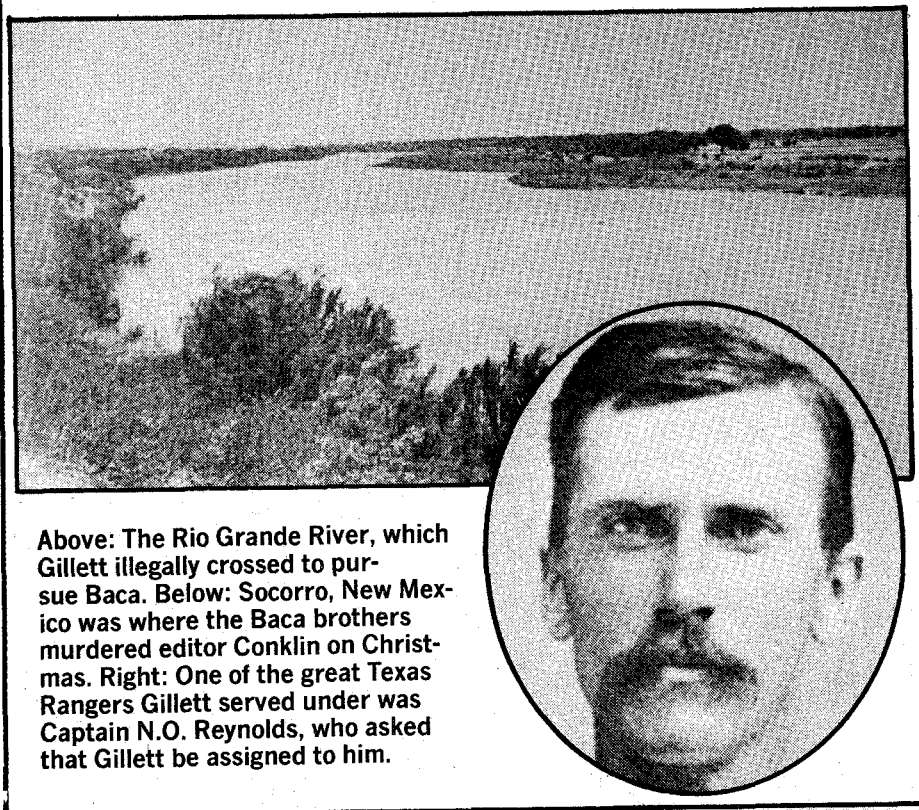
RANGER JIM GILLETT

(Continued from page 47)



Above: The Rio Grande River, which Gillett illegally crossed to pursue Baca. Below: Socorro, New Mexico was where the Baca brothers murdered editor Conklin on Christmas. Right: One of the great Texas Rangers Gillett served under was Captain N.O. Reynolds, who asked that Gillett be assigned to him.

their mounts and left the village in three jumps—heading for the international river! It was four miles and one of their horses was carrying double.

Behind them the Mexicans ran for their corraled or staked horses and were soon in hot pursuit of the Rangers. Lloyd's horse wore down fast in the deep sand and quickly began to lag. Even in the face of the wild, but heavy fire from the pursuing Mexicans, Gillett stopped and made Onofre jumped over behind him. His horse was larger and in better shape.

It looked hopeless. Still, they floundered on through the sand —making their yardage the hard way. There it was . . . the Rio

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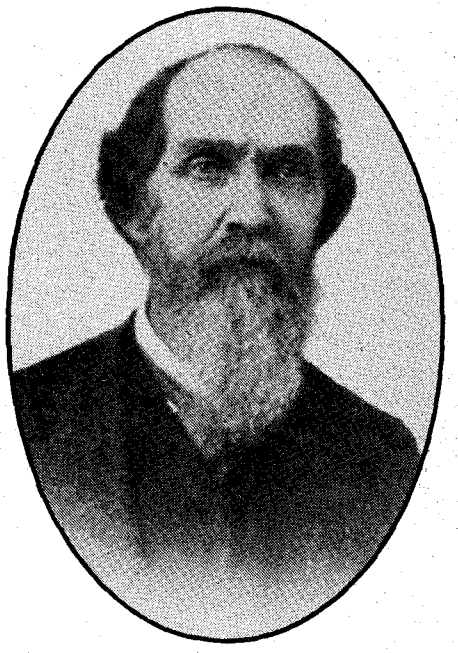

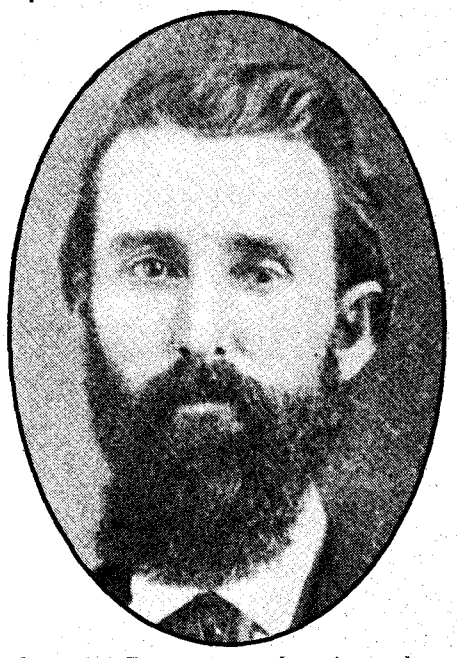

Two of the most outstanding Texas Rangers were Colonel George W. Baylor (above) and Captain Daniel Roberts (below). Both men played parts in Jim Gillett's career.

Grande! Down into the river they slid, their horses struggling across the shallow water. Behind them, the Mexicanos were on the bank, yelling and firing at them. Then their mounts were scrambling up the Texas bank. They let out Rebel yells as they headed for the Ranger camp.

The across-the-border capture of Onofre Baca exploded into an international furor that ricocheted back and forth between Mexico City and Washington, to Austin, to C Company headquarters and all the way back again! Secretary of State Blaine blasted Governor Oran M. Roberts, who passed it on to the adjutant general, who wrote a hot letter to Captain Baylor, who, in turn, raked Sergeant Jim Gillett up and down.

However, after Captain Baylor had cooled down, he wrote back to Austin that otherwise the only cooperation the Rangers could expect to ever receive from Mexican authorities in recovering escaped criminals was a lot of loud mouthing. Nothing further was heard from Austin regarding the incident. But it was not soon forgotten in Ysleta.

Gillett was considered headed straight for a commission as an officer. Instead, when the Santa Fe Railroad offered him a good paying job as captain of guards to protect their money trains, Gillett resigned and accepted their offer. After a few months the train robberies were discouraged and Gillett's position became merely the dull routine of guard duty. This time he quit to become an assistant-marshal under Dallas Stoudemire at El Paso.

This proved to be anything but dull. El Paso was one of the toughest, most wide-open towns of the West. At all times of the day and night El Paso resembled a carnival midway.

When Stoudemire resigned Gillett was his natural successor. Wearing two .45 Colts swiveled on a bracketed, hosterless belt and carrying a sawed-off shotgun, Marshal Jim Gillett kept the peace and yet never killed a single person.

The sudden appearance of the 5-9 marshal with the twin muzzles of the shotgun trained on troublemakers seemed to cool the situation in a hurry. They never argued with that quiet, authoritive command—"Gentlemen! Stop it . . . right now, or I'll cut you in half."

Later, in partnership with his former Ranger *compadre,* C.L. Nevill, he became owner of the huge Barrel Springs Ranch, only to find himself back into wearing a law badge after being elected sheriff of Presidio county. About this same time he was also appointed a deputy U.S. Marshal. After being a bank director, world traveler and lecturer, Jim Gillett passed away at his home in Temple, Texas in 1937. •

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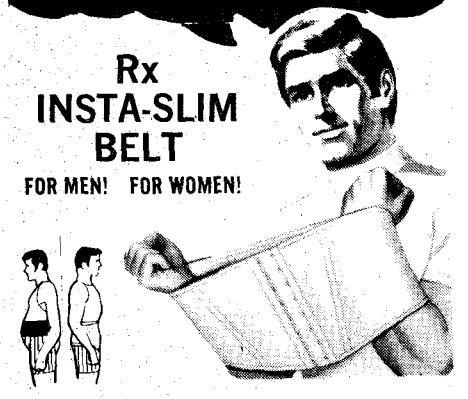

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JEDEDIAH'S JINXED JOURNEY

(Continued from page 21)

rescue the expedition stranded in California. After a rough desert crossing the band approached the Colorado River where they were unexpectedly attacked by the Mojave Indians. After a brief and bloody battle nine of Smith's rescue party were killed and a few seriously wounded. The men staggered back towards the San Gabriel Mission once more for another period of recuperation. Here Smith was forced to leave the badly wounded John Turner, and reluctantly gave Issac Galbraith, a free trapper, his release from the party.

The remaining six men and Jedediah Smith finally reached the Roger's camp on September 18, 1827, only two days before the prearranged deadline was up. It was a sorrowful sight to see the rescue party, in worse condition than those they had come to rescue, drag themselves into the established camp in the upper reaches of the San Joaquin.

With the failure of the 1826-27 expedition, Smith was determined to show a handsome profit the following year at Cache Valley. Through the fall the band made a round of the Spanish missions, purchasing horses and mules at low prices. Smith intended to sell the 300 strong herd of animals to the trappers at Cache Valley for $50 a head, a large profit to make up for his losses.

On December 30, 1827, Smith and the twenty men left the Bay area of California and headed north. And once again two men almost immediately deserted. The remaining men trapped and traded with some success along the Sacramento River, then headed down the Trinity and Klamath Rivers towards the coast. The 300 animals proved to be needed to carry the furs and trade goods, and besides they would also serve as a source of income once they reached the Cache Valley. It was already June 8th when they sighted the ocean and turned north along the shoreline.

On the Coquille River, on July 3rd, they took on as a camp follower and guide an Indian boy about ten years old. He had been a captive of Indians who released him as Smith's caravan approached. Marion, as they named the young Indian, was a native of the Willamette region and spoke the Chinook language fluently, thus allowing him to converse with most of the men in camp.

A week later they were still moving north along the shore when they struck an unfordable river measuring 300 yards wide at its mouth. It was just another setback to hinder their goal of reaching the valley by summer. By now the men were worn out from exhaustion from the rapid pace. Peter Ranne, who had been sick for six weeks, could barely walk on his swollen legs.

On Friday, July 11th, the cold and rainy weather tore through their camp, soaking everything and everyone. It was on such a miserable day that 70 Indians appeared and began to wander through their camp. They seemed friendly and traded fish and berries for Smith's goods at outrageous prices. Many of them spoke Chinook and Smith learned that they called themselves the Omp-quch, after which the nearby Umpqua River was named. They were glad to get the fresh food.

The next day the river was crossed and they headed northeast along its course for about three miles before making camp. Indians were now frequently met and many of them had been caught stealing equipment, or cutting away a horse from the herd. Two had to be killed when they attacked and many more were simply driven off. It was on this day that the trouble began.

An Indian stole the only ax remaining to the party, hiding it before they could catch him with the goods. Smith and another man caught him leaving the camp, and tied him up in the presence of fifty other Indians like a common thief. A noose was placed around his neck as a threat and the frightened Indian soon confessed to taking the ax. He led them to a sandy spot and dup up the buried tool, after which they released him. What was unknown to them at the time was that the Indian was a prominent member of the Kelawatset tribe in whose land they were traveling.

On Sunday, July 13th a severe thunderstorm pelted the region, turning the ground into a continuous swamp of mud. Traveling was drastically slowed as the horses stumbled and plowed through the mire. At several points it became so bad that bridges had to be built over the mud gullies. By the end of the day they had only covered four miles along the shore of a large bay that extended far into the pine covered hillsides.

Camp was set up on the bay's shore in a small clearing that bordered the water's edge. More Indians appeared, and readily traded beaver skins and sea otter pelts to the fur party. About fifty Indians were constantly rambling through the camp during the day, selling elk meat and tallow to the hungry traders.

These Indians informed Smith that twenty miles upstream the traveling became easier and there they would trade with the Callipoo Indians. Smith was anxious to leave the muddy area of the camp and head into the promised, better ground. He was pressed for time, now, if he was to sell his horses at the summer

Jed Smith led one of the many expeditions that were forerunners of the famous Oregon Trail.

meeting. Of the 300 he had started out with, only 228 were left. The others were victims of accidents, drownings in the swollen rivers, the hunger of the traders in lean times—and even from the playful use of them as moving targets by the Indians.

On the following Monday morning Smith left the camp site to scout the northern branch of the Umpqua River, which had been suggested to them as an easy route to travel. In his canoe he took the recuperated John Turner, Richard Leeland and an Indian guide. They followed the stream now called the Smith River, but they were not at ease.

Before Jedediah left he sternly ordered his second-in-command, Harrison Rogers, to allow no Indians into the camp during his absence. But no sooner was Smith around the bend than Rogers allowed the nearby Kelawatsets to enter the encampment.

Smith's men were all at ease—sleeping, eating, and cleaning out the rifles that had been soaked in the rain the day before. (Dr. John McLoughlin reported later from information he received from the tribe that Rogers' disregard of Smith's command was due to the men's lust for squaws. Sir George Simpson of the Hudson Bay Company also stated that Harrison Rogers attempted, in the presence of the roaming Indians, to force a comely Indian woman into his tent. But the woman's brother stepped forward and knocked Rogers to the ground.)

If Rogers' lack of discretion was not enough to enrage the Indians, the events which occurred later that day would and did. The Chief of the Kelawatsets entered the camp late in the afternoon at the insistance of the Indian Smith had threatened with the noose for stealing. The shamed brave attempted to talk the Chief into attacking the traders, but the chief, fearing a Hudson's Bay reprisal, strongly refused.

In fun the chief mounted one of the band's horses and pranced the steed about the camp. Arthur Black suddenly jumped up with his rifle and at gunpoint ordered the chief to dismount. Angrily the chief dismounted. A little while later

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the Kelawatset leader learned that Smith's men were not of the Hudson's Bay Company. The men had boasted about new territorial claims and taking over the Umpqua River region of Oregon for their country. This left the chief no reason for not attacking the interlopers. He probably thought that in the eyes of the Hudson's Bay Company he would be doing them a real service.

A single Indian yell pierced the forest and signalled the attack of 100 armed natives on the unprepared camp. Two braves snatched at Arthur Black's rifle that had been held on their chief. When Black struggled with them they slashed out with their knives, badly cutting his hands. He let go and knocked them off balance. Staggering backward, he barely avoided an ax blow meant for his head. Instead it glanced off his back and left him momentarily stunned. A few seconds later he dove headlong into the thick woods and began running.

Back at the camp it was a massacre against the surprised and hopelessly outnumbered traders. Two Indians had leaped on Thomas Virgin at the start, beating him to death on the ground. Thomas Daws broke away from the fighting and headed for the river to swim away from the battle scene. But the Indians quickly took up canoes and gave pursuit, ending in Daws' watery death inflicted by their knives and axes. A large group of Indians had fallen on one man and savagely butchered him with many ax blows.

In a few minutes the camp was silent and deserted, the bloody bodies dragged away into the underbrush and all signs of the brief battle concealed.

Jedediah Smith had traveled only a few miles upstream before turning back for the camp. While off-shore they cautiously studied the mysteriously deserted camp. When an Indian yelled from the brush at them, their guide in the canoe suddenly leaped up and grabbed Smith's rifle and dove overboard, swimming strongly away from the startled traders. Instantly the hidden Indians rose from the bushes and poured rifle shots and arrows at the canoe and at the three men within the fragile craft. Paddling furiously, the men reached the opposite bank of the river unharmed and climbed a small hill to better view the camp site. From this vantage point they saw that the camp was devoid of their white companions, and their herd of horses loaded with their furs were being led off by the Kelawatset Indians.

The men quickly grasped that they were cut off from following the route to the Cache Valley, Utah, and with that Smith, Turner, and Leeland headed straight for the ocean, meeting the green-blue swells at the Alsea River. Without supplies the traveling was taking its physical toll on the men. They followed the coast, fishing and foraging for food until they reached the Tillamook village. Here the friendly Indians ferried them to the Willamette region, then on to Fort Vancouver. They arrived at the fort's gates on August 9, 1828. First Smith staggered up to the main gate, to be soon followed by Turner and Leeland. But Dr. McLoughlin had learned of the surprise attack by the Kelawatset Indians the day before, when Arthur Black came into the fort with the aid of a trapper. His lone journey had been more peril-filled than Smith's.

After diving into the brush during the first few minutes of the attack he had wandered about the forest for four days before sighting the coast of the Pacific. Here an Indian tried to wrestle his only knife from him, but was thwarted by the fugitive's burst of strength.

Later in his flight to safety he was captured by seven Indians and stripped of all his belongings except his trousers. While they were camped another group of Indians arrived and they began to quarrel among themselves, and during this confusion Black managed to make an undetected escape.

He, also, entered the Tillamook village and was taken to the Willamette region. Here a Hudson's Bay trapper took over, and led him to Fort Vancouver.

Besides the lives of his men, Smith had lost 780 beaver pelts, 50 large sea otter skins, all his trade goods and all of his horses to the Kelawatset attack. His complaints sparked McLoughlin into sending an expedition against the tribe to recover the stolen goods. The retaliatory force, led by Alexander R. McLeod, made a surprise attack on the Kelawatset village and were successful in recovering most of the furs, horses and goods. As a stern warning against other attacks McLeod destroyed much of the Indian's belongings, including the sinking of 46 canoes and the firing of their tents. During this primitive raid on the Indians, 21 braves were killed.

Jedediah remained at Fort Vancouver through the winter of 1828-29, missing the summer meeting at the Cache Valley. In the spring he sold all the furs to the Hudson Bay's Company for $20,000. He took the bloody profit that cost the lives of fifteen brave men and the Indian boy Marion and returned eastward to the fur company he belonged to. The firm continued with success for the next few years, until the Sublette brothers were killed in 1832.

Jedediah's expedition was one of the many small parties that blazed new trails through the Oregon territory, eventually culminating in the Oregon Trail and the opening of the region to more trappers, traders, and settlers. ●

MAN WITHOUT FEAR

(Continued from page 33)

hurt anyone senselessly. But if the occasion called for it, they admitted, he didn't hesitate to tell a man what he thought of him.

X. had been in Alder Gulch but a short time when a fellow by the name of George Ives took his mule (X.'s) and was gone a week. When Ives returned he bragged that he had ridden the mule seventy five miles a day for several days. X. said to him, "If you ever take an animal of mine again, I'll kill you."

Ives bristled. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I think you are a thief." Then, to show the matter was ended, X. bought Ives a drink.

About the same time Jack Gallagher, one of Plummer's deputies, asked to borrow the mare X. had ridden down from his claim above town. X. had sized up the deputy and he didn't like his looks and would soon need the mare himself. However when Gallagher said he only wanted the mare for half an hour, X. said, "All right."

Gallagher was gone two hours and a half which didn't endear him to Beidler, who was a man of his word and expected the same of others. He also didn't think much of Gallagher as an officer.

Sheriff Plummer was a clever man. He had even persuaded a good and lovely girl to marry him, but with all his cleverness he made one big mistake. He hired one honest man. Just what were his intentions in so doing are not clear. Perhaps he intended to use young Dillingham without that man's knowledge that he was being used, or it may be he just failed to figure Dillingham out right. At any rate when it was discovered that Dillingham was determined to act as an honest deputy, it was necessary for the outlaws to get rid of him before he exposed them. It was to meet with others of his ilk, to formulate plans to kill Dillingham that Gallagher borrowed Beidler's mare. But of course, that was not known at the time.

Beidler was unaware of tragedy when he came down from his claim one morning and found a crowd of miners holding a meeting in front of one of the camp's few buildings, with Dr. Steele presiding. Across the street young Dillingham lay dead, murdered in a willow wickiup. Three men, Charley Forbes, Haze Lyons and Buck Stimson were being held. Feeling was running high. Dillingham had been well liked.

In the absence of a legal system, the miners had taken matters into their own hands and made up a court. Dr. Steele was asked to be judge. Attorneys were appointed and a jury drawn.

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MAN WITHOUT FEAR

(Continued from page 51)

X. Beidler made known his willingness to serve the cause of justice.

A trial was held. Charley Forbes was found not guilty and released. Lyons and Stimson were declared guilty and sentenced to be hung. The executions to take place as soon as possible.

X. Beidler and Dick Sapp were appointed to build the gallows, dig the graves and carry out the death sentences.

The preparations were made, the prisoners and executioners were in the wagon that was to take them to the gallows, when two deputies, Gallagher and Wicks, rode up and asked that Lyons be permitted to read a letter he had written to his mother. Permission was granted and during the reading of the pathetic letter, the few "good women" of the camp came weeping and begging that "the lives of the poor boys be spared."

The pitiful letter and the weeping women had their effect on the crowd. There was a noticeable wavering of purpose. At just the right moment, Gallagher pulled his gun and ordered the prisoners released. Two fast horses, "just happened" to be standing by the wagon, saddled and bridled but without riders. In seconds Lyons and Stimson were astride the horses and streaking out of camp into the hills. Gallagher and Wicks then also disappeared.

Beidler and every other honest man in camp knew that justice had miscarried. There was anger and frustration but there was also a job to be done and X., as was typical of him, set about doing it. He obtained some boards, and with a few simple tools made a decent coffin and helped to bury young Dillingham, a good man, for whom it seems no tears were shed.

But he was not forgotten. His death had far-reaching results. Gallagher and Wicks were under suspicion and that suspicion reached out a long arm to include Henry Plummer.

The next morning a sign appeared on a tree. "Two graves to let. apply to X. Beidler." In each of the two nooses from which Lyons and Stimson were to have swung, was the head of a cub bear. X. came in for a lot of joshing, which he took good naturedly.

Ten days later, Beidler made a trip to Bannack with his pack animals for supplies not yet available in Alder Gulch. While in the store, Lyons and Stimson came in, walked up to Beidler and held out their hands. X. shook hands with them with his left hand while his right remained in his pocket holding his revolver.

"You are the man who was going to hang me." said Lyons grinning.

"Yes," agreed Beidler affably, "I was."

"And you are the sonofagun who dug a grave for me." put in Stimson.

"Yes, and I never charged you a cent for it."

"Well, I'll see you buried in it."

"If I'm not mistaken," said Beidler cheerfully, "you'll be needing it yourself."

The grim banter went on until the two murderers tired of their attempt to unnerve Beidler and left.

The next morning X. started with his load for Alder Gulch. He travelled alone and with his guns ready, taking note of every bush and rock by the roadside, knowing well that Lyons and Stimson would do for him as they had for Dillingham if they could take him by surprise.

While in Bannack, Beidler learned that a man had been murdered there six months before and that the killers, Charles Reeves and Will Moore, were still around, free men. Of the twenty-seven decent citizens who had attempted to have the thugs punished, nine had been killed and eleven forced to flee for their lives. It was plain to X. Beidler that the same element that was in control in Bannack was also dealing the cards in Alder Gulch and that something drastic had to be done about it. He reckoned he'd have a part in that doing.

For a short time after that the "Innocents" rode high in the saddle, doing their dastardly work in lonely spots and with masked faces so they couldn't be recognized. Then in December, Nicolas Thalt, a Dutchman, was brutally murdered and George Ives was apprehended, charged with murder and brought to trial.

The story of the Ives trial has been told and retold and need be only briefly sketched here.

The court room was the snow covered street. Judge Don L. Byan sat in a wagon box. The twenty four jurors sat in a circle around a log fire, for the weather was cold. Inside the circle was the prisoner and the clerks W. H. Paton and William Pemberton. Defending Ives were Alex Davis, J. M. Thurm and H. P. Smith. Prosecutors were Col. W. F. Sanders and Major Charles S. Bagga. Watching were several thousand spectators, the law-abiding interspersed with the lawless, for it was not only a trial of one man, but a test to determine whether honest men or thugs should control Alder Gulch and the surrounding area.

The spectators were all armed, all watchful, all determined. And across the street on top of a small cabin stood X. Beidler, shotgun in hand.

At the end of the two-day trial, the jury was polled with every man voting "Guilty." The sentence, death by Hanging, was pronounced. Shortly the condemned man and Colonel Sanders stood together in the wagon that was to take Ives on his last short ride. Ives was calm as he asked for a respite, time to write home to his mother, promising that he would not try to escape nor permit his friends to rescue him. He extended his hand to Sanders to show he had no ill feeling towards the man who had argued the case against him. Sanders was not misled by the reasonable sounding plea for time, but he was a gentleman and he could not refuse the proffered hand, but for once the right words did not come easily.

There was a moment of grim drama as the two men stood there in the wagon box, their hands clasped in silence, the one so close to the awful fate of the gallows, the other having dutifully striven to prove the guilt to send him there.

They were both young, both personable, they might have travelled the same path, they might have been friends. A terrible tension gripped the crowd. Incredible that so many could hold such stillness. It was nightmarish in intensity. Then, from across the street, from the man on top the cabin, came those unforgetable words. "Sanders! Sanders! Ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman."

The tension broke. A ripple of approval swept through the crowd. Ives knew he had lost. The sentence was carried out promptly. The "Innocents" got their first real taste of fear.

The trial and hanging of Ives brought Sanders, Beidler and others together in a common cause and they remained friends for life. With matters demanding their immediate attention settled, several of those who had been most involved met in Barrett's hotel to relax over a drink and some talk. By then they all strongly suspected Plummer of being the head of the outlaws, and every one of them knew that there was more than one tough whose fingers itched to put a bullet through the head of each and all who had begun to crack down on their gang.

But they were young and able to throw off unpleasant thoughts. It would soon be Christmas and talk turned to what they wished they had for Christmas dinner. The daily fare in the camp, by then Virginia City, was pretty much the same. Wild meat if the hunters had luck, if not, beans and salt pork, commonly known as sow belly, rice, hominy, bread if flour was in stock, which was not always the case, and sometimes dried fruit.

Potatoes and vegetables which had to be freighted in from Salt Lake; it could not be hauled during freezing weather.

"Roast turkey and pumpkin pie would sure hit the spot," said Beidler.

"Well," said Smith, "I know where we can get turkeys and pumpkins, too."

"Yeah, sure. Back in the states."

"No, Hell Gate. Old German there raises poultry and all kinds of garden

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truck."

"And Hell Gate's only a hundred and seventy-five miles from here, with a good chance of meeting up with some Injuns that would take quite a fancy to a scalp or two to dangle on their britch clouts." observed another of the men drily.

"Indians are not the only ones who might not handle us with kid gloves if they caught us alone on the road." said Sanders. They all knew what he meant.

"I'll take the chance," said Beidler. "If I'm not back when you think I ought to be, you can come a-looking."

So it was arranged. Each man donated two ounces of gold dust to pay for the Christmas fixin's. "Don't let anyone know which way you are going," warned Sanders.

"I won't let anyone know I'm going," was the reply.

The next morning, well before daybreak, X. Beidler led his big grey from the stable and rode silently down the gulch. He made it to Hell Gate in the Bitterroot Valley, bought two huge turkeys for which it is said he paid fifty dollars apiece, and a couple of immense squash at five dollars each. He put one turkey and one squash in each of two gunny sacks, lashed them behind his saddle with a sack on each side to distribute the weight, which was well over a hundred pounds, quite an addition for a horse to carry, should he have to run for it.

The way home was without incident until he had made about two thirds of the way. Then suddenly a party of fourteen Indians were riding towards him out of the canyon he was about to enter, spurring their ponies and yelling like a pack of hungry coyotes.

X. figured his grey could outrun any Indian pony ever foaled but to run would mean he had to make a wide detour, adding many extra miles to go home by a different route, and it could easily mean he would have to throw away those more than a hundred pounds of Christmas fixin's to lighten the load, and he just wasn't about to do that.

Instead he turned sharply from the road and headed for a rocky promontory about a mile away where, if he had to make a stand, he would have somewhat of an advantage. He carried a good Henry Carbine, two revolvers and plenty of ammunition. He let his horse lope along easily, saving him for a final run, if necessary.

The Indians swerved from the road to follow him, gaining as they came. One buck on a fine pinto dashed far ahead of the others, and when about three hundred yards from Beidler lifted his rifle and fired. The bullet missed its mark. X. returned the fires. *His* bullet didn't miss.

X. rode on hoping that the loss of their leader would stop the other Indians but they came on, spurring their ponies to the limit. When they came too close again for comfort, X. turned in his saddle long enough to pick off the nearest. Then he gave his horse the rein and soon gained the top of the promontory, where he found rocks forming a sort of natural fortification. He needed shelter for his horse and a position for himself where he could see without being seen.

The Indians, realizing that the lone white man held the advantage—at least for the moment—stopped down below out of rifle range and began a confab. Then all of a sudden they were hiding their ponies in some buffalo berry bushes and dropping to the ground themselves. Puzzled at first, X. soon saw the reason for their actions. Coming along a trail that led around the foot of the promontory were four white horseman. The Indians planned an ambush. While the white men were still out of range of the Indians' guns, Beidler stepped out into the open. Presenting himself as an easy target, he pointed his rifle skyward and fired, hoping to attract the attention of the white men and warn them, by signs, of the ambush.

As the report of the rifle reached them, the riders stopped, then ignoring his gestures, they rode toward him at full speed. When they came to what they must have felt was rifle range, they aimed their guns at him and fired. The bullets fell short and X. dropped safely behind his rock shelter.

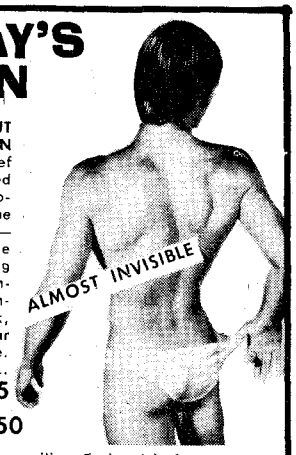
In another moment a volley of bullets and arrows brought down three of the white men's horses. Beidler could not tell if the riders were hit or not, for by the time they were free from their fallen horses the Indians were upon them, outnumbering them three to one. The fight was desperate, horrible but mercifully short, ending with the escape of the one white man who had kept his horse streaking down the trail. Three were dead and losing their scalps to the Indians; two of the redmen were wounded.

With the bloody task completed the Indians again held a consultation, the unscathed pointing and gesticulating towards the rocks where Beidler was hiding, and the wounded pointing toward the trail. While they appeared undecided, Beidler spied four more horseman riding out of the canyon from the south. Even at that distance his keen eyes recognized his friends. Would he be able to signal them from a mile's distance? If they saw him and came, would the Indians set another ambush? Could he warn them in time? It was an anxious moment for the man behind the rocks.

But in spite of their victory, the Indians had had enough. As soon as they saw the white men they hastily helped their wounded to mount, retrived their dead and took off at break-neck speed.

(Continued on page 54)

TODAY'S MAN



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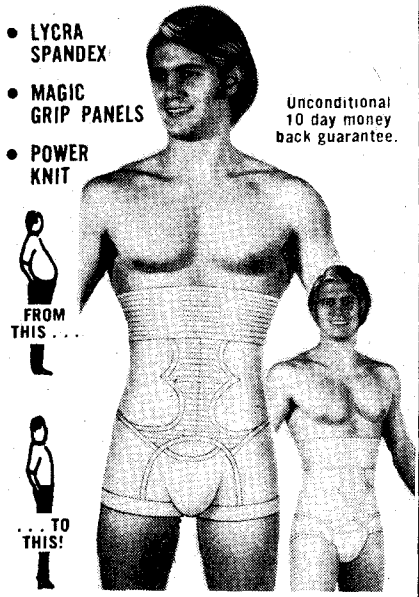

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MAN WITHOUT FEAR

(Continued from page 53)

With the Indians gone X. lost no time in riding out to intercept his friends, one of whom was Sanders, who explained: "We became uneasy about you when a number of the fellows we've been keeping our eyes on took off in a hurry. We didn't know what they might be up to."

The five friends dug three graves and buried the scalpless dead, who were thought to have been men close to Plummer. The conclusion was that the man who had escaped was none other than Sheriff Plummer, himself, but it was a matter which could not be proven.

Beidler and the others reached Virginia City safely and enjoyed a fine turkey dinner with "pumpkin" pies made from squash for dessert. They could relax and be happy.

But the Christmas spirit was not to last long. The Vigilance Committee had been organized with Paris S. Pfouts, president, and Colonel Sanders, chief prosecutor. Three men, Neil Howie, George Copley and X. Beidler became especially conspicuous in serving notice to the road agents that their heyday was over. During January, 1864, twenty road agents and murderers swung from Vigilante ropes, more than in any other month of that organization's activities. Among those twenty were Henry Plummer, Haze Lyons, Buck Stimson and Jack Gallagher. George Copley, who arrested Plummer, was killed shortly afterwards in attempting to make another arrest.

X. Beidler is credited with trying more hangman's knots than any other of the Vigilantes. One night he walked alone into a hangout at Rattlesnake, a station between Virginia City and Bannack, where a bunch of well-armed toughs had gathered, stepped up to one of them and said, "I've come for you."

He walked out with his man and not one of the wretch's companions tried to stop him. X. reckoned that they were just sort of taken back.

On the same trip, but with two others of the committee, Beidler borrowed a lantern and two stools from a rancher after dark and escorted a couple of "Innocents" to a big cottonwood tree. He threw two ropes over a stout limb, placed the stools under the limb and requested the men to mount them. Before the final grim act one of the prisoners, "Red" Yeager, who had apparently been well reared, thanked X. for treating him like a gentleman, then gave a list of names of many of the "Innocents," with the request that they be given the same treatment he was about to receive.

X, promised it would be done, gripped Red's extended hand, then by the light of the lantern he kicked away the stools.

All told there were over sixty of the thugs (quite a number of them young men who shortly before had been the respected sons of good families in the east) that met their fate at the hands of the Vigilantes, and the names of Neil Howie and X. Beidler were spoken with a sort of awe. One day X. received the following note.

"J. X. Beidler. We hereby give you notice that we intend to kill you at the first opportunity that offers and will give you no more time to prepare for death than you have given the many men you have murdered. Remember there are a great many of us who intend to carry out this purpose. We shall live to see you buried beside the poor Chinaman you murdered."

(signed) 200 Anti-Vigilantees

The only "poor Chinaman" known to have been executed by the Vigilantees was one who had murdered another Chinese.

The note was probably intended to throw a scare into X. Beidler and drive him out of the country, but if it had any effect at all, it was to make him more determined to stay with the Vigilantes until the tough element was wiped out and Montana was a place where peaceable people could live in peace.

When the Vigilantes made it too hot for the road agents in Montana they moved over into Idaho and made a practice of holding up the stage coaches carrying the treasure chests from the gold fields to Salt Lake City by way of Corrinne.

In 1865 X. Beidler was appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal and was hired by the Wells Fargo Company as guard, (or messenger, as such guards were called) on their coaches when a large shipment of gold was being transported. Once X. learned, via his own special grapevine, that the day had become known when an exceptionally large shipment of gold was being sent south. Beidler quietly arranged with the station agent to have the shipment delayed.

The stage that was originally to have taken the gold was robbed, but it carried little of value. However, word of the holdup and the fact that X. was not on the coach was wired to the agent in Salt Lake. The agent, supposing that the shipment was lost, was furious and wired Beidler. "Why in hell aren't you on our coaches when they are robbed?"

That made X. a trifle warm under the collar and he wired back. "Why in hell don't they rob them when I'm there?" He got the shipment safely into the Wells Fargo office in Salt Lake, then announced, "I'm quitting."

The agent talked X. into staying on with an increase in salary.

One time a stage was held up when Beidler was messenger. A few months before, at the horse races at Helena, it was rumored that bogus gold was being floated. X. nosed around and found that a man known as Big Nick had rented a blacksmith shop at five dollars per hour to assay some quartz. That didn't smell fresh as morning dew to X. Beidler. By keeping one eye on Nick and the other to keeping himself out of sight he caught Nick making the bogus gold dust. He arrested the fellow and placed him in jail. But Nick, with a murderer named Leech, soon escaped.

Later when X. was messenger on a coach heavy with gold, the boss at a way station said he had a man who was down on his luck and wanted to go out on the line. X. sized up the fellow and knew he was Nick. He knew that Nick had been on a stage when there had been a $6000 robbery only a few weeks before, and the stage this day carried a treasure-chest with $120,000 in gold.

As they neared Big Creek in Idaho, Nick asked. "What shall we do if we are held up?"

"I'll kill the first one who tries it."

Nick said he thought it would be better to give up the chest. That told X. Beidler what he wanted to know. He gave the driver an order and made Nick, who asked to ride on the box beside the driver, stay in the coach with him.

When they reached Little Dry Creek there was a shout, "Halt."

Instead of halting, the driver, who obeyed orders, laid on the whip. As the horses broke into a run, X. opened the door and shot one of the 7 road agents with one load of buckshot from his double-barrelled shotgun, then let another have the second barrel load. The other five bandits dropped back. When the stage was at the next station, not far from the scene of the holdup, Beidler went back and found one of the road agents dead. A trail of blood showed that another had been hard hit. It was learned that he made it to a doctor and said he had been shot accidentally. The doctor extracted twenty-two buckshot from the wounded man and applied dressing, but the fellow died.

During the shooting, Big Nick had lain down on the floor of the coach. He said he wasn't frightened, just resting.

Word got around of what happened to stage robbers when X. Beidler was aboard and it is said that there never was another stage holdup of a coach when X. Beidler was messenger. When X. travelled as messenger, he carried a few clean handkerchiefs, a couple of pair of socks and a spare shirt in a nosebag, the kind used in feeding grain to horses when on the road.

In 1873 X. Beidler went back to his

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home state for a visit, the only time he went east after leaving in the 1850's. Stories of his deeds had preceded him and friends of his youth were proud they had known him. Colonel McClure, then editor of the *Philadelphia Times;* gave a dinner in his honor at a fine hotel. When the meal was finished, finger bowls were brought in with a thin slice of lemon floating in the water of each bowl. Beidler, pretending not to know the use for which finger bowls were intended, lifted his to his mouth and drank. As he put it down, he remarked with a perfectly straight face, "Thinnest lemonade I ever tasted."

Philadelphia never forgot that.

X. enjoyed his visit to the state of his boyhood but he had lost his heart to Montana. He came back and resumed his job as a law enforcement officer.

Although Beidler was said to be "lightnin' quick and a dead shot," he preferred strategy when it served his purpose just as well. By the time there were jails to hold men accused of crime, proper officials to look after them and courts to handle their cases, Beidler would rather arrest a wanted man and turn him over to the proper authorities, than to deal out what he believed to be justice himself. Once, in line of duty, he was out after a man said to have stolen a large number of horses. X. was without badge or uniform, and driving along in a buckboard, easily passed for a rancher. He overtook a man walking along the road carrying a gun. X. stopped and invited the man on foot to ride. The man was glad to accept and during the conversation that followed the fellow said he was looking for Old X. Beidler and was going to shoot him on sight.

X. said, "I know the fellow, and I'll point him out to you if we meet up with him."

A little while later Beidler said he was tired of driving and would like to rest his hands a bit. "Would you mind driving a spell?" he asked his passenger.

The man was happy to comply and as he laid down his gun to pick up the reins, he found himself looking at a revolver pointing between his eyes and felt handcuffs snapped to his wrists. Afterwards he said he never could figure out where Beidler had kept that gun and those handcuffs.

X. took his prisoner to Fort Keogh. Oddly enough the man who was horseless, and walking along a country road proved to be the wanted horse thief. It is not recorded where he kept the stolen horses.

It was at Miles City, near Fort Keogh, that the incident occurred that made Jim Webb remember X. Beidler for his downright cold nerve.

"Miles City was a tough town in 1877," Jim said. "Gee whiz, but she was tough. A dive on every corner and all of them running full blast. The rush to the Black Hills was on and men of every breed were going and coming. A man with a few dollars in his pocket could get killed as easy as he could buy a drink of forty rod. If he had a bit of luck at faro and walked out with a handful of double eagles in his pocket, like as not he'd be found the next morning back of the saloon, stiff as a crowbar and his pockets empty.

"I was working for X. then, and one evening I went with him into a saloon. We'd been tipped off. There were twenty or more men in the room and most of them bad. I mean, *real* bad. The kind that would just as leave shoot you or knock you in the head as to look at you if you got in their way or said something they didn't like. Most of them were alive because they could shoot straight and were quick on the trigger. Well, there were some games going on, poker and faro, a lot of racket, loud talk and singing, one fellow was playing a jewsharp and stomping.

"We stood there a few minutes just inside the door, taking things in. Nobody paid any attention to us. Guess we didn't look much different from the rest of them. Then X. said in my ear 'You stay here, Jim.' He walked up to the bar slow like and turned around. He hooked his thumbs under his suspenders, his hands not touching his guns and just stood there, not saying anything. Pretty soon that saloon got so still you could hear a card drop. It was like something in a dream, not natural at all. Then one of those toughs said in a sort of loud whisper, 'It's Old X. himself.'

"X. gave that time to sink in. Then he let them have it! 'Yes, I'm X. Beidler,' he said, 'and I'll have those trees out there stinking with you sons-of-b's before long.'

"X. wasn't a big man at all—about my size and build, little heavier, but he looked like all out-of-doors as he stood there facing that bunch of cutthroats. They all had their guns handy and he gave them every chance in the world to pull them and not one did. They were too scared to move.

"X. dropped his hands to his sides and walked back to where I was, taking plenty of time. We went out together. We walked across the street and down aways to our quarters. We didn't hurry. I wasn't too comfortable. It wouldn't have surprised me to get a bullet in the back but not a shot was fired... those fellows in the saloon didn't know X. personally, but they'd heard about him. You couldn't be in Montana in '77 more'n a day or two without hearing about X. Beidler.

"There was a yarn going that he had a charmed life and that a bullet sent in his direction would glance off. Maybe those fellows believed that yarn. I know some folks did. Anyway I guess when X. walked in on them that way, they figured that the law had come to Miles City!" ●

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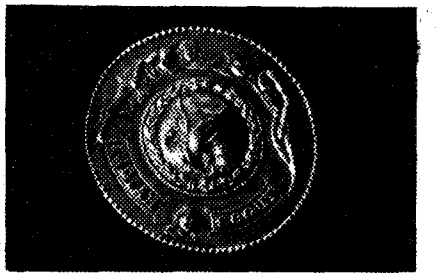
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FEMALE WARRIOR

(Continued from page 27)

changed. Quickly she released the soldier and he fell to the ground. The Amazon then stalked off across the compound.

Thus the army was introduced to Sarah Borginnis, one of the most picturesque characters ever to come to the southwest, a woman destined to become a legend of the Mexican War.

By the spring of 1846 the huge laundress of the 7th was affectionately known in Taylor's army as the "Great Western," a sobriquet she carried proudly all the balance of her life. It was also in 1846 that Taylor broke camp and marched his troops toward the Rio Grande. Along with them, across the arid plains of south Texas, strode the Great Western.

The army halted briefly at Arroyo Colorado, and there, from the opposite bank, a Mexican guerrilla band opened fire on the U.S. troopers.

The Great Western marched up to General Taylor, saluted smartly and begged to be allowed to cross over the stream and wipe out the snipers. "I can whip each and every member by myself," she told the future president of the U.S.

He didn't doubt her ability to live up to her promise in the least, but turned the job over to General William Worth. After the south of the border guerrillas were subdued the army resumed its march to Brownsville, which was located on the Rio Grande, across from the famous Mexican city of Matamoros.

A few days after reaching the border city Taylor detailed a small detachment to remain at the newly erected Fort Brown, and took his main body of men to the mouth of the river to arrange a base for supplies to be delivered by water craft.

At breakfast time at Fort Brown where the Great Western was about to serve mess for the officers the war exploded. In the midst of the meal the Mexican forces in Matamoros across the Rio Grande opened up on the Americans with a bombardment. The other women attached to the army were rushed underground for safety, but the Great Western absolutely refused to accompany them.

She continued with her cooking even though shells flew thick and heavy on all sides of her. After she served the officers she carried coffee to the enlisted men. For a week the attack continued and all that week the Great Western cooked and served mess until Taylor returned.

Once when things looked black indeed for the handful of Gringo soldiers, Mrs. Borginnis requested a musket so that she might defend herself. After the battle was over the victorious soldiers of the 7th called her the heroine of Fort Brown.

When General Taylor launched his invasion of Mexico the Great Western was with him. She even went into business there, establishing a hotel for the comfort of the soldiers. A Doctor A. Wislizenus, who accompanied Doniphan from Chihuahua to Satillo, wrote that he stopped in the latter city to visit the hotel "kept by that celebrated vivandiere, honored with that *nom de guerre*, (The Great Western), and whose fearless behavior during the battle of Buena Vista was highly praised."

He noted that she dressed the wounds of many soldiers on that day, and even carried the incapacitated men out of the area of the thickest fighting.

It was during the Battle of Buena Vista—which lasted for two days—that the Great Western's hero worship for General Taylor came to light. In the midst of the battle a troop of Mexican lancers routed a regiment of Indiana volunteers and thrust them back to Saltillo. One of the volunteers ran to the hotel operated by Mrs. Borginnis and told her breathlessly that Taylor's forces had suffered defeat. The Great Western set down a tray of drinks she was serving, and with a blow of her ham-like fist sent the soldier sprawling.

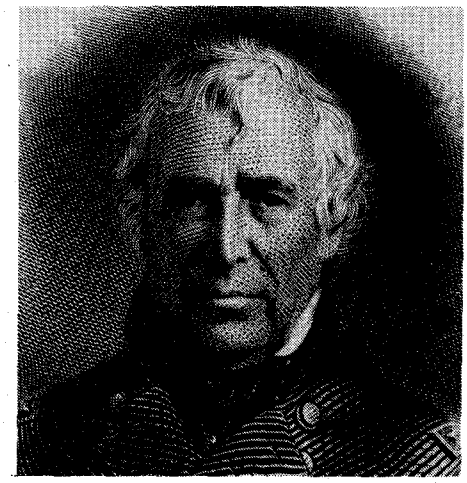
"You're a liar," she roared. "There ain't enough Mexicans in Mexico to whip old Taylor. You just spread that report and I'll beat you to death!"

The rumor traveled no farther.

Sometime during the war the husband of Mrs. Borginnis disappeared. More than likely he was killed in action. After the peace treaty between the United States and Mexico was signed in 1848, a squadron of the second dragoons was ordered to California. But the Great Western was not ready to sever ties with the army. Astride a horse she thundered up just as the squadron was ready to march and requested of General Rucker that she be allowed to accompany the men. He informed her that if she would marry one of the soldiers she could be mustered into the squadron as a laundress.

The Amazon saluted, then rode down the line of dragoons, loudly requesting volunteers for the honorable alliance. With her reputation as a cook, and since she was immensely popular with the men, it is probable that she had her pick of the entire company. At any rate she married a man by the name of Davis.

But the Great Western was destined not to accompany her beloved boys to California. At Chihuahua she became seriously ill and was forced to remain in that city until she recovered. Later, after much suffering and hardship, she moved to El Paso, where she opened a hotel to serve the forty-niners on their way to the gold fields.



General Zachary Taylor considered "Great Western" the equal to any of the soldiers in his command. She was formidable in every battle.

Lieutenant William Henry Chase Whiting, who reached El Paso on April 12, 1849 at the head of an expedition to explore the country for a wagon road from San Antonio to El Paso, related how he met the Great Western on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande as she was preparing to move to the American border settlement. She was so delighted to see the soldiers that she lifted them one by one in her arms for a hug. In El Paso, then a dusty settlement, Mrs. Borginnis established a hotel.

In all probability she was the first Anglo settler in what is now El Paso, arriving there April 12, 1849. Franklin Coons, for whom the settlement was first called Franklin, did not arrive until June of that year.

No records have been found for the Great Western for the years immediately following the gold rush. But eventually she, too, headed toward sun-set land and somewhere along the line acquired another husband. She settled at Yuma, Arizona, where she ran a saloon, and there she died in 1866. After the war she had been breveted a colonel and granted a government pension, upon orders of General Winfield Scott.

She was buried with military honors at Fort Yuma under her last married name, Mrs. Bowman-Phillips.

In September 1890 the bodies in the Fort Yuma cemetery were removed to the Presidio in San Francisco, and there now rest the remains of the celebrated Great Western, the great-hearted, brave woman who was a forerunner of our present day service women. A heroine of the first order, she deserves a place of honor in the history of Texas. ●

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JOY & NO-NOSE MAGGIE

(Continued from page 13)

"Mrs." before her name did little to tame Aunt Mary's wild free spirit and this marriage, like the first, was doomed from the start. More and more the two found solace in the bottle, and Mary always did have trouble with her likker. After a few drinks she became downright ornery and she gave her husband a bad time. Myrtle Mikesell (Later Mrs. George Spor) recalls that, as a young girl, she stopped at the store with her father and mother. Mary and Ardabold had been drinking and were engaged in a bitter argument. Her father went to the door and asked if they could get something to eat.

"No, I ain't feedin' no——today!" Aunt Mary shouted angrily.

"Woman, git some food on that table," Laird roared, and he grabbed a whip from the stock in the store and hit her across the shoulders.

As time went on, the Lairds drank more and more, and many a violent argument ensued. Then one day Ardabold was gone and, except for drifters who hung around and did odd jobs for their bed and board, Aunt Mary was alone. Some who had heard their bitter quarrels suspected that Ardabold might have come to a violent end, but none bothered to investigate. Later it was learned that Laird was living in a shack by a spring some 50 miles to the east. As far as anyone knows, Ardabold and Mary never saw each other again.

After Ardabold left, Mary drank less frequently. Not because she had got religion, but because whiskey cost money, and money was hard to come by. When she laid off the booze, her disposition improved and she became almost her old self again. John Robertson, who now operates a motel in Nephi, Utah, was deputy Juab County assessor about this time and he well remembers the first time he saw Aunt Mary and partook of her hospitality.

"I'll never forget how I felt the first time I looked at her face," Robertson says, and he adds a few pages to her story.

It was about the first of January, 1919, when he and his partner, Jim Anderson, left the county seat town of Nephi, and headed west. They led a pack-horse loaded down with bedding, camp material, and enough food to last for a month. It was their job to find and assess all livestock in a wild, desolate strip of land 25 miles wide, extending from the Wasatch Mountains on the east to the Deep Creek Mountains on the Nevada border, over a hundred miles to the west.

A light skim of snow covered the frozen ground. The weather was bitterly cold

(Continued on page 58)

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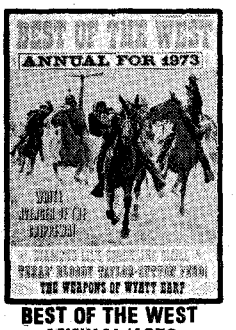

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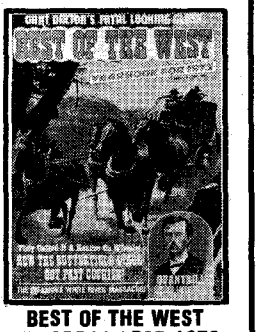

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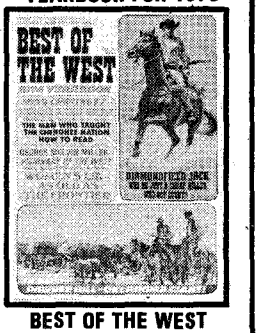

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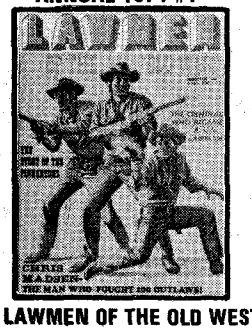

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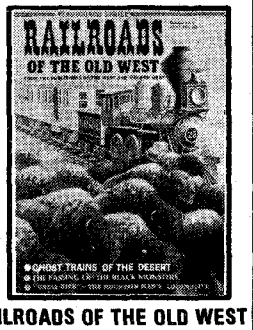

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JOY & NO-NOSE MAGGIE

(Continued from page 57)

and some nights they rolled their beds out under the stars and huddled around an open fire in the sub-zero weather while they boiled their coffee and fried their bacon. Whenever they could, however, as they crisscrossed the county looking for livestock, they stayed at sheep camps where there was a warm sheep wagon, plenty of mutton, sourdough biscuits, and hot coffee.

"In spite of the cold," Robertson says, "I gained almost 20 pounds on mutton and biscuits, and that's a lot of weight for a man of my size."

The late January sun was sinking behind the rugged peaks of the Drum Mountains as Robertson and his partner spurred their horses up the trail toward the yellow square of light that showed in the gathering darkness. On this cold winter night, this one lighted window was the only indication of life in the once rowdy rollicking mining town that an unknown optimist had christened "Joy."

As their horses clip-clopped over the frozen ground and into the yard, a half-dozen runty, squealing pigs came out to meet them. They were busy kicking the grunting pigs out of the way when the door opened and a short, squatty figure in a long black coat came out of the house and walked toward them.

"By God, kids, I'm glad ta see yuh! Come in and I'll set somethin' on the table," a woman's cheery voice told them. She added, "Be sure and put yer outfits on top of the fence, an' watch them damn pigs while yer horses eat or they'll rip the nose sacks right off yer horses."

Their horses taken care of, the two men walked over to the house. They found themselves in a warm, low-ceilinged room and when their eyes were accustomed to the light they saw the short, plump figure of Aunt Mary bending over the stove in the corner.

The warm room made him feel drowsy and, in spite of the fact that his hands and feet tingled as the warmth seeped in and drove out the cold, Robertson had to fight to keep his eyes open. He was losing the battle when a plate banged down on the table in front of him. With a start he looked up, blinked his eyes, and found himself staring into the most horribly mutilated face he had ever seen.

The sheepherders had told him of her frightful face, but he was unprepared for what he saw. The face was old, scarred, and wrinkled. The scrambled bridge of her nose was mashed flat against her face. The tip was folded upward and back, leaving two gaping holes just above her mouth. A wisp of straggly grey hair hung down in her face and bright, beady eyes glared out from beneath bushy, black brows.

Her dark eyes fascinated him. They were the eyes of a woman who knew man as an open book. In a single glance she read the secrets of their souls, labeled and filed them away for future reference. Then her eyes changed and her love of life gleamed there plainly.

"What th' hells wrong," she said good naturedly, "ain't ya never seen a woman before?"

Embarrassed, the two turned their attention to their plates and, while they ate, Aunt Mary's cheerful chatter, liberally punctuated with profanity, informed them of the happenings in the desert. Before the evening was over they were so swept along by her friendly patter, and so amused by her salty stories that they completely forgot her disfigured face.

After they had eaten, they unrolled their blankets on a rusty bed in a back room and were soon sound asleep. Sometime during the night a half-dozen freighters came in and were bedded down on the floor of the same room. When morning came and the hungry horde trooped into Aunt Mary's kitchen, she shook her head sadly.

"My God, kids," she wailed, "I hope you like dough-gods, 'cause I ain't got enough bread fer breakfast."

By today's standards," Robertson says, "that meal wouldn't be very fancy, but that ham, fried bread, and coffee was one of the best meals I've ever eaten."

After breakfast was over and the freighters had gone, they got down to the business of deciding how many livestock Aunt Mary was to pay taxes on.

"I reckon I got ten cows," she said and Robertson wrote the figure down.

"I must have seen at least 200 pigs when I rode in yesterday," he said.

"Oh, my God, sweetheart!" the old woman wailed, "you know I can't pay taxes on that many pigs."

"Well, I saw a lot of pigs," the assessor insisted.

"Well, they ain't all mine," she snapped, and they haggled over the number of swine she owned. Finally, she admitted two of the pigs were hers.

"How much do we owe you for bed and board?" Robertson asked as they led their saddled horses up to the house.

The wrinkles in the old woman's brow grew deep with thought, "Do you think a dollar apiece would be too much?"

"Hurry back, sweethearts!" the old crone called as they rode up the pass, and they knew she'd shouted the same invitation a thousand times to a thousand different men. When they turned in their saddles and looked back, she waved and they knew they were looking at one of the last of her kind.

Mary had served as a dance hall girl, a lady of pleasure—she'd been a member in good standing of the world's oldest profession. There were some who would look at her with scorn, but she and her kind were as much a part of the Old West as the sheepherders and soldiers, the mountain men, miners, and misfits... and yes, the padres and preachers.

When the Post Office closed in 1919, Aunt Mary could barely make a living. She could not take care of the cattle and they died, drifted away, or were stolen. Except for an occasional cowboy or prospector, her only customers were sheepmen who bought supplies at the store and paid for the privilege of watering their sheep at the spring.

As time went on, and motor vehicles replaced the horse and wagon, the sheepmen began to haul their own supplies, and trade at Laird's store became almost non-existent. In 1931, Fred Gadd, the Nephi Postmaster, worked on a survey crew in the Drum Mountains. As he remembers, there was very little stock in the store and seldom any customers. Aunt Mary, almost blind, spent most of her time in a darkened room, clutching her rosary and mumbling prayers as she hobbled about in the dim light of a candle that burned before a small crucifix. Evidently old age had accomplished what priests and preachers had never been able to do.

During her last years in Joy, the store did not provide for her meager needs and she was forced to accept help from the county. When she got too old and sick to live alone in the desert, she went to town and lived for awhile with the George Spor family. Then, in 1934, in a hospital in Payson, Utah, her proud spirit bowed to the grim reaper and her body was taken to Eureka, Utah for burial. Here she was laid to rest alongside others of her untamed breed, the miners, muckers, and other misguided ones who followed their dreams of easy wealth from one boom town to another.

Last year, someone burned the tumbled-down store, and all that is left of the boisterous boom town of the Drums is a pile of rusting cans, a few rock ruins, and prospect holes and mine shafts gouged in the rocky hillsides. Sheep trail over the lonely grave at the head of the pass as they move from one desert valley to another. Except for the solitary sheepherder, the persistent prospector and the lonesome coyote, the Drums are deserted.

But, as one stands by the spring that bubbles out of the mountain and feels the cold desert wind whistle down through the pass, he has only to close his eyes to hear a hearty voice shout, "Well BY GOD sweetheart, it's good to see yuh! Git off yer horse and come sit by the fire. Coffee's a'most ready!" ●

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CAPTAIN JACK—VILLAIN OR MARTYR?

(Continued from page 42)

save as much for his fallen people as possible. A comparatively young man, the Ute principal chief was slowly dying of an incurable disease forcing him to conduct all the negotiations in sheer agony. Chipeta, after his death, would realize his mistakes and lead the tribe in another foredoomed rebellion. But as a sequel to the whole farce, the chiefs returned home with the greater part of the remaining Ute domain ceded to the Federal government.

Captain Jack then became the most forceful leader of the anti-Ouray faction in the Ute councils. He gathered a following for being the only one of the traditionalists who could bargain with whites in their own language and read the talking leaves which stirred up so much enmity against Indians.

Even then, however, he did not take up arms. Nor did he refuse further conferences with whites, as too many prejudiced writers who have dealt with the Meeker Massacre have claimed. In all those accounts Captain Jack has been portrayed as the arch-villain.

Rather Captain Jack hoped to make his remote section of White River some last, unyielding stronghold of the Ute way of life; a way based upon the fine and fast horses which the tribe raised. It was his misfortune to become tangled with a white man who was just as determined to uproot every vestige of that tribal culture and to make Indians guinea pigs for a fantastic social experiment of his own.

That man was Nathan Cook Meeker, native of Ohio, a visionary whom the Colorado politicians had appointed Indian agent at the White River reservation. A good man—a fantastically good man by his own limited lights, this Meeker—one of Colorado's most celebrated pioneers. But he was dedicated to the proposition that the salvation of humanity lay in the founding of cooperative agricultural colonies which he had tried unsuccessfully to get going in Colorado.

You might as well have asked the roving Utes to build fences as to plow up land for corn and wheat. That's what Captain Jack tried to tell him during the months when Meeker was trying to subjugate the White River clan by immobilizing their horses.

TWO stubborn men, each grimly dedicated to his own point of view, kept clashing in bitter arguments that grew hotter as the months went by. Captain Jack not only refused to make the Utes harness valued horses to despised plows, but kept leading them on hunts into nearby Wyoming Territory.

Meeker retaliated by closing to the horses an immense mountain pasture which lay on the White River reservation. The Utes largely disregarded the order because the agent had no troopers to enforce the crazy edict. Then Meeker had the track on which the Utes raced their ponies plowed up. These confounded Indians were going to be farmers and like it!

The tribe must give up its horses and become that collective "model" of progress which starry-eyed Nathan Meeker would show off to the nation. The Utes didn't want to be models—just Utes. Their lack of enthusiasm brought out Meeker's ugly side which had been disguised by his cooing eloquence. Forcing a showdown about that unappreciated project of farming, the agent ordered a 200 acre tract belonging to an Indian woman named Janie plowed for winter wheat. She had been housemaid to the agent's prim, pious wife, Arvilla Delight Meeker.

Captain Jack protested to the bumptious agent as did the other two White River chiefs, Johnson and Douglass. Meeker ignored them. From concealment, sons of Chief Johnson fired six warning shots over the heads of the reservation farmer, Shadrach Price. Mr. Price understandably lost interest in agriculture, abandoned the plow and ran like a scared rabbit to the house that he shared with his sixteen-year-old wife, Flora.

The fat was in the fire. The first skirmish had occurred in what Utes have ever since called the Meeker War. But long-lost records in the War Department reveal convincingly how the 38-year-old chief, Captain Jack, tried to restore peace by talking sense to Meeker.

The agent's response was to wire the War Department in Washington for troops. And Captain Jack often spoke to his Arapaho friends about how he had even sought out the commander of the soldiers being sent from Fort Steele, and begged them to turn back lest blood be shed rather than spared.

That commandant, Major Thomas Tipton Thornburgh, had listened respectfully, politely. But orders were orders. The Utes were a conquered tribe. They had to be broken into submission even though Thornburgh personally regarded Meeker as a wordy fool.

Upholding the agent would cost a brave soldier his life. But Captain Jack, in retrospect, felt no pride in a victory he won—the triumph recorded in history as the famous Battle of Milk Creek.

Forever he had tried to avoid hostilities with the soldiers of Fort Steele, seventy-five miles north of White River. As an army scout, he saw and examined the superior arms of fighters who had the power and money of the federal government behind them. But now Captain Jack had no choice except to give battle. Not after that fanatical dreamer Meeker turned into a petty tyrant with his summoning of the troops.

Captain Jack bought ten thousand rounds of ammunition from a white trader in the area. He passed out the shot and powder to braves led by Chiefs Johnson and Douglass. He guessed correctly that the federal troopers would stop to water their mounts at Milk Creek near the northern boundary of the reservation.

Major Thornburgh, a good and conscientious officer, was the first casualty. He was killed almost instantly when Captain Jack's force attacked from ambush on that crisp autumn morning in 1879. By marriage, the major was a distant cousin of the famous cavalry generalissimo, General Phil Sheridan.

Thirteen other troopers went down in that first furious barrage of second-hand, bootlegged guns challenging the modern ordnance rifles of the United States Army. Utes fell, dead and wounded, as surprised cavalrymen rallied under Captain J. Scott Payne, second in command. Payne ordered a barricade of wagons. Shot from

(Continued on page 60)

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CAPTAIN JACK—VILLAIN OR MARTYR?

(Continued from page 59)

the Indian challengers continued to rake across the vehicles. Soldiers fell gasping behind wagon wheels.

CAPTAIN Jack wasn't contesting Sitting Bull, the Sioux commander at the Little Bighorn, for honors. He and the other chiefs hoped the government would appoint as his successor their friend Uriah Martin Curtis, an interpreter who spoke their language perfectly. Long ago Curtis had abandoned his Missouri home to spend the rest of his life among Indians. But this didn't happen.

The second act of the tragedy followed at once, on the afternoon of September 29, 1879. Its curtain was raised by Nathan Meeker.

Captain Jack came to demand his resignation. The agent contemptuously refused. Heated words followed mutual accusation and recrimination. Losing his control after so much harassment, the Ute chief pulled a revolver and shot the tyrant dead.

One shot. One life gone on White River Reservation. But more shots were to follow. More lives—lives of whites and Indians—to be lost. For the echo of Captain Jack's pistol touched off that shambles recorded in history as the Meeker Massacre.

Indians grabbed rifles and turned the agency into a hell of gunsmoke. The very buildings shook from the jar of bullets. Other agency employees tried to calm the vengeful warriors, but their words simply added more fuel to hell. In the pitched battle that followed, eleven more whites were killed along with many of the tribesmen. Corpses were strewn on the ground from one end of the agency's main street to the other. Braves on horseback tied a rope around Meeker's body and, yelling in triumph, dragged it across the ground he had ordered plowed.

Five whites were borne off as captives by Utes riding north toward Wyoming. These were Meeker's widow, Arvilla Delight Meeker; his daughter, Josie, who had been the reservation schoolteacher; Flora Price, who also lost her husband during the fight and the two Price children. After five or six days, however, they were released through the intervention of Ouray and of Chief Johnson's wife, Susan. But with the debacle had come the end of the White River reservation as such, and the beginning of those long months of the bugle blasts for Captain Jack.

He knew during that lonely winter how short now was his lease on life. The tough young Arapaho braves were forever demanding that he lead them on raids against the conquerors or into Canada. The choices that Captain Jack faced were painful as the Indians kept up their paeans of revenge.

He could not join his clan in Utah. His very appearance among them would only invite further punishment for a broken people. Too many whites in that territory knew him from his years of carrying ice in Salt Lake City. Trial by a military court martial and the shameful death by the rope would be his end if he showed his face on those dismal deserts where a once-great people had been dumped.

Yet he could not remain for very much longer in this Colorado-Wyoming section where he had hoped to build one last outpost of a culture the last fragments of which missionaries and Indian officials would now extinguish. The young Arapahoes were becoming increasingly insistent that he lead them on war parties as spring approached. How much longer could he stay their thirst for blood?

Even worse, the federal troops knew that he was hiding somewhere among this semi-conquered tribe. The bugles would blow, the scouts would search, the reward circulars would be posted until he was

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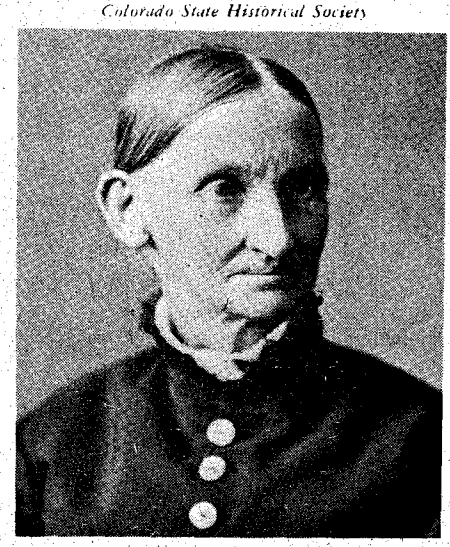
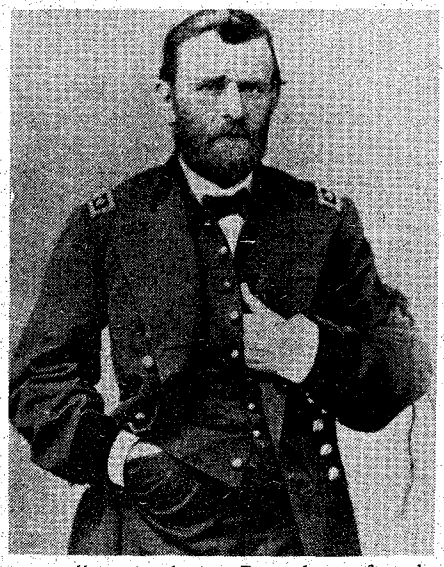


Mrs. Nathan Meeker (above) was captured at the massacre. President Grant (below) met with Captain Jack as part of an 1868 Indian delegation.



eventually run down. Run down for the rope. And hemp was no death for a chief.

Spring came. The sound of bugles soared with the bellow of rutting wild bucks and the songs of mating wild birds. Captain Jack knew what spring would mean to him. From army posts, fresh forces would be pouring out for a quarry never abandoned. Within weeks, maybe days, they would find and trap him now that no drifts of snow hindered their horses.

Then would come that bloody farce which the whites called a court martial. He would be led in, trussed up in chains, before a session of officers who had been friends of Major Thornburgh. These would condemn him no matter what defense he offered. There would be a big public hanging, somewhere in Colorado with the railroads running special trains for thousands of gloating whites come to witness the death throes of Nathan Meeker's slayer.

Canada became Captain Jack's only hope of beating the rope. But he could not leave the country of the former Ute empire. It was his land even though it had lost its people.

The soldiers discovered the Arapaho camp on a fall day in 1880, one year after the Meeker Massacre. Captain Jack, their main quarry, was absent with his two wives. But the cavalrymen seized most of the braves for imprisonment on the reservation. Only a few managed to escape.

These warriors found Captain Jack and told him what had happened. Canada now was a required refuge. The start must be made while the soldiers were temporarily out of the area.

Gathering a few horses, the twenty or so Indians set out toward the northland under Captain Jack. Hundreds of miles must be covered before the Canadian border would be reached. But once across it, the leader of the little band knew that he would be free from the insolent bugles and the reward posters on trees.

After three chill, somber days the party reached the foothills of the Bighorn Mountains which straddle Wyoming and Montana. Here, in this stark region, Custer had met more than his match in Sitting Bull two years earlier. The Sioux chieftain with his Hunkpapa Sioux were now refugees in Canada. Captain Jack hoped to receive a friendly reception from these one-time enemies as well as their help in re-locating his Arapahoes.

ON Muskrat Creek, a tributary of the Sweetwater River, the Indians ran square into a cattle camp of whites. Mutual greetings were friendly, however. Cap Haskell, the young foreman, spoke excellent Arapaho and was a friend of that tribe's principal chief, Washakie, for whom the nearest army post had been named.

The six cowmen were looking for a herd of horses which had strayed from their range. Captain Jack had seen a herd eight miles down the trail. He dispatched one of his braves to accompany a cowboy and help bring in the ponies. Haskell invited the group of Indians to stay for supper. They pitched their tepees in his camp. Nothing of what followed indicated that the friendly rancher from Colorado perpetrated any treachery upon his guests. But Captain Jack had no more than lain down in his tent for the night when once more he heard the bugles.

Before he could arouse his band for a hurried retreat, the camp was taken over by a detachment of eight soldiers from Fort Washakie. A sergeant named Brady and two privates were ordered to stand guard with drawn carbines outside Captain Jack's tent. The fugitive heard the commander, Lieutenant George Morgan, addressing Haskell.

"We've been trailing these Indians. That biggest tepee must belong to their head man. He speaks damned good English. He's wanted for the murder of Nathan Meeker."

Captain Jack listened to the rest of the conversation. These troopers were the advance guard of a full battalion being sent by Fort Washakie's commandant, Major J. W. Mason, to apprehend the Arapahoes. But their main object was to bring in Captain Jack, dead or alive.

Captain Jack checked his Winchester.

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Its magazine was full, its trigger flexible and in excellent shooting order. Then he heard Lieutenant Morgan say to the men barring his escape:

"Go inside. Tell that Ute to surrender."

The soldiers crawled under the flap. But the ultimatum was never delivered.

Two troopers were hit by a pair of rapid shots fired by the Indian. A third turned and fled into the wilderness. By now, Captain Jack's braves were prisoners of the remaining troopers as were his squaws. Flight for him was impossible because he would be mowed down from rifle fire if he stepped outside the tent.

Captain Jack lit his pipe, puffed slowly, then removed it from his lips to hum a Ute chant of death. Within a few minutes he heard the hooves of many horses. They were bearing many more soldiers. He identified another sound from his period of having been a military scout.

It was the sound of cannon wheels. The big gun would turn out to be a mountain howitzer, specially constructed for Indian warfare.

Major Morgan arrived with the full battalion. The cannon was halted in front of the tepee.

"Surrender, Captain Jack!" the Major shouted. "Come out with your hands up, or I'll give the order to fire."

The Ute took one more puff from his pipe. Then he knocked out the ashes and broke it into halves: the ritual required of a warrior doomed from being surrounded by foes. His face became tense. His mind, in that fleeting second, groped back beyond years forever gone, years when the Utes had ridden proudly on their great horses across their great land.

He heard, out of some age and time he couldn't comprehend, the harsh voice of the Major:

"Jack, this is my final warning. Come out—or I'll blow you to hell!"

Captain Jack called out a message in Arapaho to his captured followers.

"Cover the dead soldiers. Have my squaws provide two blankets of my own."

Then he gave his reply to fidgeting, angry Major Morgan. That response was the Ute death chant soaring high across the poles of his tepee, echoing and re-echoing over the dark, frozen ridges of the Bighorn Mountains.

"Fire!" the angry officer yelled to his gunner.

The cannon spat its black vomit. Tepee and its tenant were blown into fragments of flesh and deerskin. It had taken two hundred soldiers and a weapon capable of killing dozens to destroy one fearless young Indian, an indian who would not die at the end of the conqueror's rope.

The smoke of the howitzer cleared. The squaws started keening for their lord. The braves, ignoring the soldiers, rushed forward to pick up the scattered remains of Captain Jack—a bone here, a finger there. "Snort! Bang! Bang!" they yelled in derision of the weapon which had slain him.

Then bugles began blowing, blowing for a sorry triumph.

Nobody collected the reward for Captain Jack because there wasn't enough left of him to collect on. His Ute tribe would be the very last to make complete surrender to the conquerors and, out in Utah, would stage a rebellion after the turn of the Twentieth Century itself.

Among both the Utes and the Arapahoes, the warrior from White River is remembered as a mighty chief. ●

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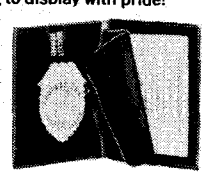

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HIDDEN TREASURES

(Continued from page 19)

money when the ship foundered, for it went down in less than an hour and at least 15 passengers drowned. The date was October 1, 1854.

Fortunately, a passing ship, the *Goliath*, was less than two miles away and attempted a rescue, but was puzzled when none of the crew aboard the *Yankee Blade* seemed to cooperate in the attempt to transfer passengers to rowboats lowered from the *Goliath*.

After the tragedy, reports were sent to San Francisco that the *Yankee Blade* had been deliberately sabotaged by the notorious Jim Turner mob, supposedly a gang of sea toughs who would book passage aboard Pacific Coastal steamers. Their procedure was to seize a vessel and loot it along a lonely stretch of shore.

In the case of the *Yankee Blade*, the Turner gang reportedly overpowered the crew of the vessel, broke into the purser's cabin and took most of the money, and then terrorized and ravished the screaming women.

Many of the women were torn apart from their husbands and dragged into the dining room of the ship where they were tied to tables and subjected to criminal assault. Those who resisted too determinedly were thrown overboard. (So much for the "romantic" sea pirates.)

By the time the sailors from the *Goliath* could board the stricken *Yankee Blade* and remove the remaining passengers, the Turner mob had made their escape, using the lifeboats of the ship.

The *Yankee Blade* was a total loss and a massive manhunt was begun to find the saboteurs, but only one member of the Turner gang was found, and he refused to tell where his confederates had their hangout. The man was brought to trial in a San Francisco court. It was proven that he had $60 on his person as his share of the loot, for the money was identifiable.

When these facts were made public, it was obvious that the elusive Turner gang had been unable to find as much of the missing $163,000 as was believed. A ship named the *Ada*, was then dispatched with a search crew, and the shoreline along Santa Barbara was searched; only $60,000 in money and valuables was recovered.

Although the Turner mob were the object of a persistent search it is believed they broke up and possibly made their way to distant ports to escape the wrath of San Franciscans.

During the 1700's, just as pirates were looting merchant ships and making travel dangerous in the West Indies, the same peril existed on the Pacific Coast below Los Angeles. So-called Panama pirates from Mexico and Central America were raiding aging galleons and Spanish merchant ships whose main port of call on the California coast was the harbor at Monterey. There, valuable goods would be transferred to larger vessels destined for Spain.

The Panama pirates learned their nefarious trade well when they were visited by the infamous Henry Morgan, whose haunts were the ports along the Gulf of Mexico. Morgan taught the Panamanians the fine art of torture.

Spanish vessels, stopped at sea off the Pacific Coast by swift but small pirate ships, were thoroughly looted. The raping of women was a customary procedure, and the pirates compounded their inhuman savagery in that they threw victims overboard, but not until many had been disemboweled to try to recover costly gems and jewels which might have been swallowed. The butchered victims attracted sharks, and the pirates watched their victims being devoured in the sea without any display of emotion.

It was a typical pirate practice to kill every person aboard a Spanish merchant ship, and after looting the vessel, to set it afire and let it drift shoreward.

Many of these gutted vessels are now decaying under a few feet of sand along the California and Mexican Coast, and some have valuable treasure and artifacts waiting to be found.

There is also ample treasure in the two thousand mile stretch of beach from California to Mexico, because pirates who had buried loot were often killed in battle and couldn't reclaim hidden treasure. Others made so many burials of loot, they often forgot their locations, or a storm would sweep away points of identification.

Stories of treasure ships lost along the Pacific Coast are so numerous that, conceivably, there might be a wrecked treasure vessel for every ten miles of beach from Seattle to Central America.

Some day, a treasure hunter will likely find the wealth lost aboard the *Southerner*, a trade ship lost January, 1855, near the mouth of the Columbia River. In July of the same year, a clipper ship sank near Mazatlan, Mexico with indeterminate treasure aboard.

Documented records indicate that almost a thousand vessels have sunk along the Pacific Coast during the past 300 years, and a good percentage had money and valuables aboard which are still missing.

The tales of sunken treasure will go on as long as ships sail the seas, and while recent rulings—made by coastal states and foreign countries whose shorelines touch the Pacific Ocean—obliges the treasure seeker to turn over much of his find or pay heavy tax on it, there are still fortunes to be found, and every day of the year, treasure seekers are out hoping to be lucky. ●

HONORS FOR OLD PRUNES

(Continued from page 37)

that they're still around. Those flapjacks went down the grateful gullet of Prunes and stuck to his ribs through work days of climbing and carrying that stretch from sunup to sundown.

This magnificent grub made Prunes feel spryer and younger than all the burro colts broken rebelliously to the ore carts and the pack caravans. In fact, there was nothing he wouldn't do for such a considerate master. Or for his master's friends.

But through years of belt-tightening, Prunes fetched the grub without ever making one misstep on any rut of the trail. Rupe Sherwood would tie a note on his saddlebag letting the storekeeper know what the boys wanted. The merchant would load up the saddle. Triumphant over snow, altitude and lurking mountain lions, Prunes would return with the victuals.

But you'd better have his hotcakes and sugar waiting for him unless you wanted your ear drums blasted harder than they always were by Haw Tabor's oratory.

Years went on. Burros came and went out there in this big span of the Rockies that the hairy old Mountain Men had named the South Park. Men by the thousands showed up and vanished. History was made a long time before anybody got around to writing about it.

Bad actors were strung from aspen trees. They were put there by vigilante committees figuring them as undesirable residents. Boothills filled up with dead citizens. The evicted Ute tribe waged war all around Fairplay and Alma, then laid down the bow under Chief Ouray and received the usual rewards and honors from palefaces for turning into a good Indian. Haw Tabor died. Colorado got to be a hectic kind of state after having been a hectic kind of territory. But on the slopes of mountain peaks, an elderly small burro and an aging little man became droll links with the past.

Prospectors often ran into them eating their flapjacks at one or another camp where yellowish streaks of rocks often turned out to be nothing but fool's gold. Prunes would be munching his cakes from a rusty pan. Rupe Sherwood would be finishing off a stack from a tin plate that could have stood some polishing also. And the old digger would point to his partner saying:

"He's my comrade. I trust him more than any man I ever knew."

Gray now were the sidelocks on Rupe Sherwood's fancy-filled head. Gray too were the hairs on Prunes' long ears raised to give warning when a suspicious character crossed their trail or a mountain lion, looking to make a fricassee of man and donkey meat, screamed off in the distance. Gray too were their hopes of ever making the Big Stake. But they kept trudging across the Rockies with shovel and saddlebag because that way they could stay together. Even when Rupe couldn't buy tobacco for himself, he saw that Prunes was never without his flapjacks or his brown sugar.

Once—just once—they made a strike. A strike that brought them thirty thousand dollars. For as long as the money lasted, Rupe feasted on beefsteaks and Prunes on flapjacks.

Then the stake was gone. And the faith-

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ful partners, lame of leg but stout of heart, were again on their uppers.

Bravely Prunes climbed more mountains as Rupe scouted new peaks for an elusive strike. He was 33 in this year of 1900—an incredible age for a burro. Fifty-one was Rupe Sherwood—a vintage of time when a man's days of dream chasing should be finished.

Then they both had to sign off from gold hunting. For Prunes' legs were too spavined to carry and Rupe's arms too worn to shovel.

They came to Alma where Prunes did odd jobs and became the town pet. He would live a fabulous number of years till he would also be remembered as the longest-living burro in the history of the West.

Daily he would nuzzle around the back doors of the cabins till one or another housewife would bring him piping hot flapjacks and a lump of sugar. If nobody responded to a gentle neigh, he would tap lightly on the door with the hoof of his back right leg. Sometimes he would nuzzle at the latch of a front door to ask for a handout. Every child in town loved him and he would sometimes follow crowds of kids around like some favorite neighborhood dog.

Next to Rupe his best friend was an Irishman who ran a restaurant. After the old burro had gone on to whatever future awaits jackasses, it was the cafe man who saw that his bones got buried decently.

That year was 1930 when Denver had become a booming great city and Fairplay had dwindled into a hamlet. Prunes and Rupe Sherwood had gotten tolerably through another cold Colorado winter. But during that raw season Prunes had been accidentally imprisoned for days in a shed where he'd found shelter only to have the door shut suddenly by a howling wind.

He was weaker and wobblier than ever when people who missed seeing him around searched for him. Everybody served him heaping stacks of flapjacks. But not even those could perk up his aging, floundering legs nor stir more than an echo of the famous bray.

Finally the miners decided out of mercy to shoot him. Tears streaming down his eyes, Rupe Sherwood consented. "We're both old timers," Rupe recalled sadly. "Old Prunes has been prospecting so long I reckon he'd know pay dirt for the smell. Lord, I hate to see him killed, but I suppose it's for the best."

It was for the best. Nobody in Fairplay and Alma ever mourned any of the bad men shot in their limits. Nobody ever thought of building them monuments.

But everybody in the two towns grieved for Prunes. Everybody pitched in to help after the restaurant keeper had dug a grave just donkey-size. You can see the monument now, constructed from pieces of ore out of the mines in which Prunes worked. It's on Front Street in Fairplay and the inscription reads:

"PRUNES — A BURRO — 1867-1930. FAIRPLAY — ALMA — ALL MINES IN THIS DISTRICT."

Prunes was 63 when they laid him away in that little town at the foot of the Rockies. Rupe Sherwood was 82 when he passed on, grieving for his partner, a year later.

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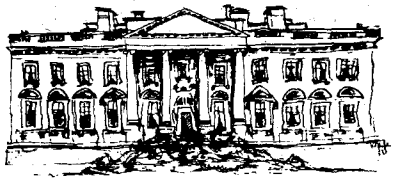

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WANTED: Foreign pen pals.

WILLIAM BRUE (32)
90 River St.
Montgomery, N.Y. 12549
INTERESTED IN: Camping, guns, fishing, Old West.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

LOLA DICKSON (66)
2551 East Side Rd.
Ukiah, Calif. 95482
INTERESTED IN: Sewing, cooking, gardening.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

JOSEPHINE F. LUNA (39)
354 P.O.
Pearl City, Hawaii 96782
INTERESTED IN: People of all races and creeds.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

STANLEY SEELY (30)
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Pontiac, Mich. 48055
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CHARLIE TANNAHILL (28)
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Cisne, Ill. 62823
INTERESTED IN: Treasure hunting, coin shooting, ghost towns.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

CHARLIE WILCHER
Rt. 5 Box 125
Montgomery, Ala. 36109
INTERESTED IN: Sports of all kinds.
WANTED: Anyone my age with similar interests.

HELENE HARLOW (52)
487 Dundee Cir.
Dayton, Ohio 45431
INTERESTED IN: Family history, Gen. Custer, button collecting.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

BONNIE MOORE (52)
P.O. Box 824
Grass Valley, Calif. 95945
INTERESTED IN: Pioneers and the early West.
WANTED: Anyone with information about life before 1900.

BOBBY BAZOR (35)
Camp-4
Parchman, Miss. 38738
INTERESTED IN: Early Arizona and California.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

AMIE CROSSEN (13)
P.O. Box 1504
Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652
INTERESTED IN: Depression Days stories and incidents.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests and ghost towns, large animals, music.

DR. DEWOLFE

(Continued from page 39)

my own marriage ceremony."

When the Judge failed to take notice of his self esteemed status, and weird ideas, the Doctor let fly with a few vituperatives of his own, referring to his accusers as "sneaking, lying, peddling, begging clerical sons of Ahab."

"I've had about all I can take of drunken Justices, and besotted Judges," he shouted, his composure completely shattered. "And of your blackguard and villainous supporters."

Judge Bigelow immediately bound Dr. DeWolfe, and his newly acquired "partner" over to appear before the district court, setting bail at $1,000. The bride's father came to their rescue, raising the money to release his notorious "son-in-law," and bewitched daughter.

The following week, Dr. Charles Henry DeWolfe was arrested on a charge of "open and notorious fornication," and promptly lodged in the Olympia jail.

When brought to trial, he flatly refused to have anything to do with legal marriage rites.

"Never, NEVER will I be married by a lawful party," he declared, his voice rising. "It is unthinkable. I'll not degrade my manhood in such a manner. I'll bow to no fawning, hypocritical, thieving priest," he added, his voice growing wilder by the minute. "Nor to any drunken, mercenary Justice, or corrupt Judge just to hear the senseless words, 'I now pronounce you man and wife.'"

At this point in the proceedings, the presiding Judge, whose name was McGill, interrupted the irate Doctor's diatribe to pose a few pertinent questions.

"The answers to these questions will have a direct bearing upon my decision in this case," the Judge said. "Do you," he continued, directing himself to DeWolfe, "consent to take this woman as your wedded wife?"

"I do," came the flustered Doctor's reply.

"And do you consent to take this man as your lawful husband?" This question was directed at DeWolfe's victim, and "partner," Eliza Hurd.

"Yes," she replied as sweetly as any bride.

"By virtue of the power vested in me, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife," the crafty Judge announced coolly, bringing Dr. DeWolfe's free love career to an abrupt halt.

This notice appeared in the local newspaper the following day: "Married — by Henry McGill, in the Justice Court, Wednesday, May 21, 1862, Charles Henry DeWolfe, and Eliza A. Hurd."

With this public announcement of his marriage to a virtuous woman, of worthy family, Dr. DeWolfe dropped from public view.

Although it had a reputation for being wild and untamed, the West highly esteemed the integrity of the home, and went out of its way to enforce the highest standards of civilization. Judge McGill had, in effect, felled the "fell destroyer," saving an "illusioned but virtuous" woman from dishonor, and destroying the flamboyant image of one of the most colorful and controversial characters ever to set foot in western territory. ●

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OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

who could get there drove to the depot to meet the train. Sure enough, Lee stepped onto the platform along with Jim and several others.

Arkansas was there, trying to be the biggest duck in the puddle, as usual. One of the local cowboys ran up to Lee and said, "Heard you was wounded. Show us where you was bayonetted."

Lee looked over the crowd then laid down his haversack, stepped up on a box, pulled off his shirt, and sure enough, there on his chest and neck was a terrible scar.

While he was standing there he spied old Arkansas standing in the crowd. He yelled, "Stand back and let my old buddy come here close to me. Last time I saw him was on the battlefield after I had been stabbed. I kinda came to and he was standing there looking at me. I was very mixed up and didn't know whether I was dreaming about home or what, when he spoke to me and said, 'Take it easy Lee. I'm here to take you back and I know you'll make it cause you've always been plenty tough. Take it from me I used to think he was an ugly brute but since that day I will always feel that that red hair and freckled face and big hands is the most beautiful sight a man ever saw."

Then he threw his arms around him and said, "God bless you, Red. You were there when I needed you."

Then Jim worked his way through the crowd and said, "Yes, and he was there when I needed him. He gave me courage when I needed it most, what with his big grin and words of encouragement. Then he made me a cigarette to help stand that rough ride back to the hospital, which I must say was rather rough as the old boy didn't spare those mules on that trip."

Needless to say, Arkansas was never again accused of being the biggest liar in Wyoming.

Many years later I returned to that part of the country and met him again, the same old flamboyant Arkansas, but older and out on the ranch alone. His mother and sister had tired of the life out there and had taken positions in the city. But he had promised his father he would stay put and maintain a home for the others as best he could. He would not break his word.

THE GUY WHO WHIPPED HIS WIFE

MY UNCLE TOM was the deputy Sheriff in Mr. Harris, Colorado and the only law except the Sheriff in Steamboat Springs about 30 miles up the river. As the people about the mines were mostly all foreigners, most of them not able to speak very good English, those who could talked rather broken.

He had his hands full. It was during prohibition and most of them liked home brew chalk beer and Italian red wine and quite a few fights broke out from time to time. Since I was boarding with Tom I generally went with him when he had a call about an altercation.

This particular night someone knocked on the door and said Joe (an Armenian) was beating up on his wife. We jumped in the car and Tom said, "I'm getting tired of that guy getting me out to straighten him out. He's been doing this right regular lately. This time you drive the car. I'm going to take him to Steamboat Springs and throw him in jail."

We arrived at the house and it sounded like a knock down drag out. We rushed in and looked around and saw Joe and his wife in the kitchen. He was really working her over.

I grabbed him and jerked him loose and slammed him against the wall. In the process I hit him a pretty hard lick on the right side of his head. Then, looking around for Tom, I noticed he was running around looking all over the house, leaving me alone to handle this hombre, which shook me up a bit you can bet. But in very short order he came into the kitchen, grabbed the guy by the collar, and said, "Where are the kids?"

The guy put his hand up behind his ear and said, "Huh? I can't hear, that guy made me deaf."

So Tom swung on him and really jarred him saying, "Now you can hear better."

His wife got up and boy was she bloody! She started screaming "Don't hit him again! The kids ran over next door."

Tom said later as much blood as there was he was afraid they had killed the kids, who happened to be pretty little girls five and six years old.

So finding the kids were okay and checking out the woman and finding her not badly wounded, we learned he had swung at her and she dodged. He stuck his fist through a glass cupboard cutting his hand and arm quite badly. In belting his wife he naturally caused her to look very gruesome as she happened to be wearing a white dress at the time.

Those facts all established, we led the guy out to the car and headed for Steamboat and the county jail.

We were about halfway there when Joe reared up and said, "So you're gonna take me to jail. Well that's all right. I'll pay my fine, come back home, and whip her again. Now what do you think of that?"

Tom reached up and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Stop the car." I did.

Tom took that guy out of the car there and then and proceeded to work him over good. I got a little shook up. I was afraid Tom would kill the guy. He did have a wicked temper. But he slowed down on his punching and we loaded the guy back in the car.

I said, "What now, Tom? I don't think it would set very good with the Sheriff to see what you did to this guy."

So he said, "Turn around. We'll take him home. I think he'll think twice before he has to have me come after him again."

We hauled him back home and carried him into the house still about half out. We threw him on the bed and walked out. Instead of taking off we got up against the house to listen for further developments.

Pretty soon we heard his wife moaning and groaning, saying, "Oh my poor Joe. What have they done to you?"

We decided now everything would be okay, so we went on home for a cup of coffee. We hoped to get to bed as we were both pretty done in.

We didn't get called out any more that night so the next day I decided I'd go over and scout around a bit. When I came up to the house I saw Joe sitting out by the woodpile. As I approached he looked up at me kinda dazed-like and said, "You mad at me?"

"No, Joe I ain't mad at you. No one never was," I said.

"Is Tom mad at me?"

"I don't think so, Joe, why?"

He said, "I ain't mad at you or Tom either. I want you to know that. And another thing, I ain't going to whip my wife anymore 'cause being whipped is a terrible thing. You know I never was whipped before last night. My daddy and mother never whipped me. Nor at no time in my life have I ever so much as been hit by anyone. Now I know how it is. I can only say I'm sorry and hope my wife will forgive me."

I knew Joe for years afterward and happen to know they never fought again. •

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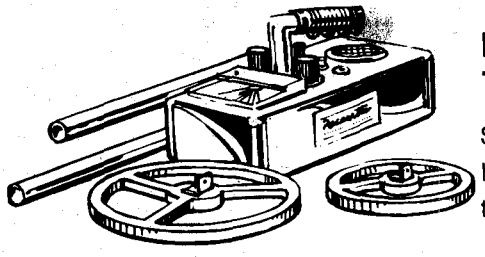

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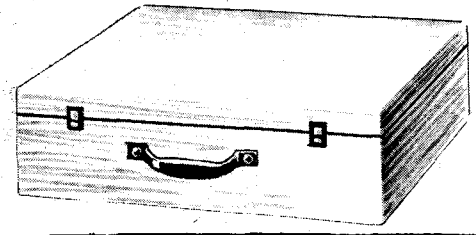

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